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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

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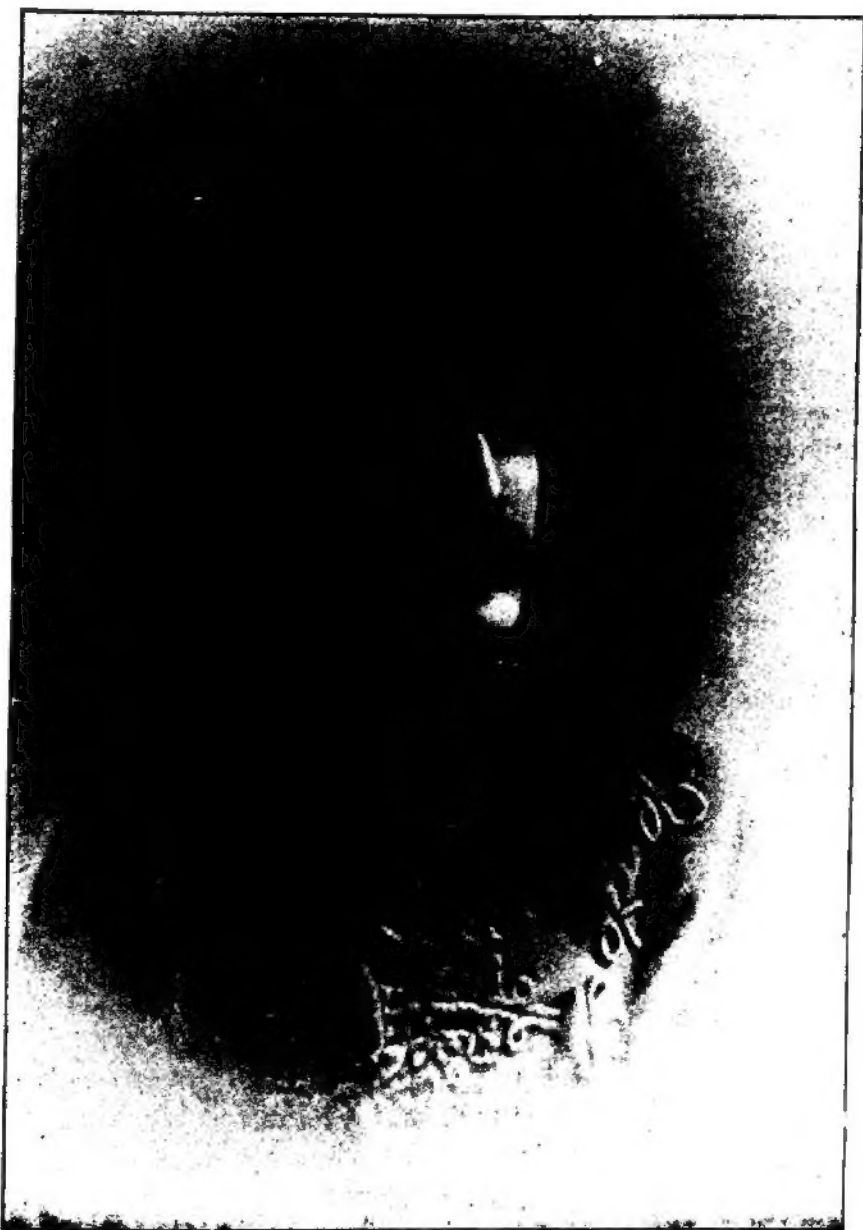
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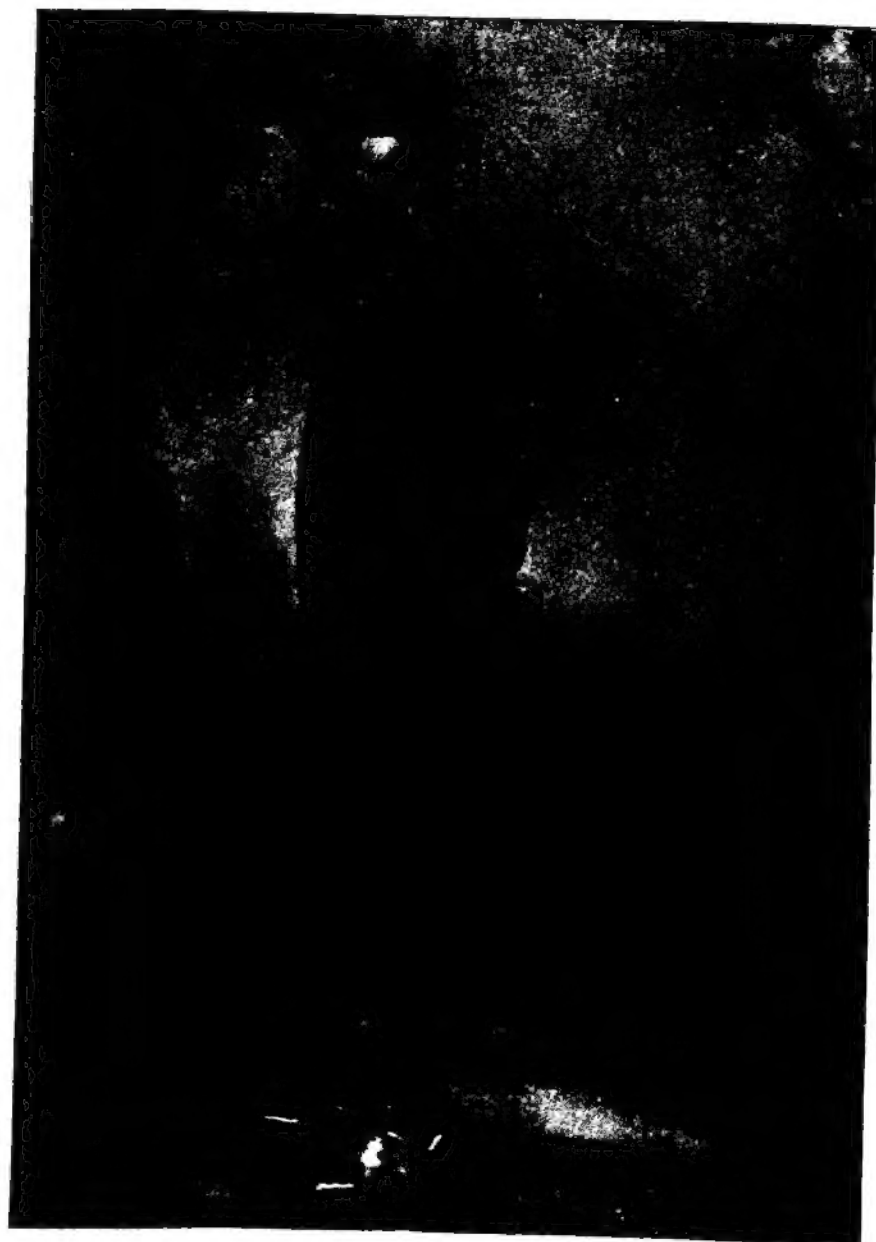
MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 1st JUNE, 1889.

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## THE QUEBEC DISASTER.



THE LATE MAJOR SHORT, IN FULL-DRESS UNIFORM.



THE LATE MAJOR SHORT, IN UNDRRESS UNIFORM.

From photographs by Livermois.



A  
PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE RUINS OF ST. SAUVEUR.

A. Spot where the explosion took place that killed Major Short and Sergeant Walleck.



# The Dominion Illustrated.

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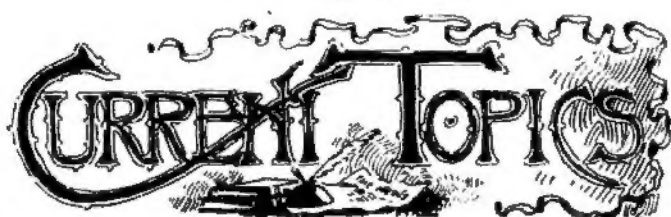
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SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

1st JUNE, 1889.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

We have to apologise for the absence of illustrations relative to Major Short's funeral in Kingston. Through some misunderstanding, the photographic artist to whom the task had been entrusted did not carry out his part of the programme. This issue is somewhat delayed on account of our desire to publish in it all the engravings illustrating the Quebec disaster. Our new premises are not in complete working order yet, and our facilities for producing engravings rapidly not what they will be very soon. For this reason, we are obliged to announce that the Queen's Birthday illustrations, promised for the 8th of June, cannot be published till the 15th. Full details will be given in our issue of the 8th as to the subjects that will appear.



The unveiling, on the Queen's birthday, of the statue of the late Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D.D., LL.D., for thirty years Superintendent of Education in Ontario and founder of the school system in that province, recalls not the least remarkable feature in our development during the last half century. In the early years of our colonial life under British rule whatever was done for education was done for the well-to-do classes. It is just a hundred years since attention began to be earnestly and fruitfully called to the necessity of some plan of endowment of which our entire population might have the benefit. In response to a memorial Lord Dorchester, in the year 1789, ordered the Surveyors-General to set apart lands for schools in the new townships, but it was long before they yielded any returns. Two years later the province was divided into Upper and Lower Canada. A scheme for the establishment of a college and four grammar schools was planned and then given up, but Mr. Strachan (afterwards Bishop of Toronto), who came out to take charge of the college, founded a school at Cornwall which became afterwards a somewhat famous institution. Classical schools had already been carried on at Kingston and Newark or Niagara. It was not till 1816 that a Common School Act was passed. In 1830 Upper Canada College was opened. In 1836 a commission was appointed to examine the working of the American school system, but the Rebellion broke out and then the union of the provinces was brought to pass. In 1841 the Union Legislature established a system of common schools, which was modified for Upper Canada in 1843. The next important event was the mission of Dr. Ryerson to England, an interesting account of which he has left us in "The Story of My Life." Of him it may most truly be said that he erected a monument more enduring than brass, but not the less is it the duty of his fellow-countrymen to honour his memory. The ceremony of the 24th inst. was made imposing by the presence of the Lieut.-Governor, of Bishop

Sweatman, and of representatives of the Department of Education, of the universities and schools of the province. An engraving and description of the statue, by Mr. Hamilton McCarthy, R.C.A., appeared in our issue of April 13.

Whatever grounds there may be for the suspicion to which, in view of certain judgments of our War Office, some of our contemporaries have been giving expression, that the military spirit was declining in some districts, it is certain that the fine display on Fletcher's field witnessed by thousands of loyal citizens on Friday last showed no signs of such declension. Of her volunteer soldiers Montreal has always had reason to be proud. They are ever ready to answer the call of duty, and it is enough to say that on this occasion they were true to themselves. The Queen's Own and Governor-General's Foot Guards were, however, the observed of all observers. They are a credit to Toronto and Ottawa and to Canada and well deserved the hearty reception that honoured them as the guests of our own battalions. While our country can look to such defenders, it need not fear invasion from without or sedition at home. Apart, however, from the needs that seldom happily arise, military ardour is a manly and wholesome sentiment, and the land that nourishes it is not likely to be left behind in the onward march of humanity.

Canada has a destiny in store which is manifest to those who believe in her. She only asks to be allowed to go her own way in peace, without vexing solicitations. On that understanding she can extend the hand of friendship to our neighbour. But should peril arise, her sons are ready as before to quit themselves like men in her defence. One of our own poets, Dr. A. F. Falconer, of Sherbrooke, in a poem suggested by an agitation of which we have heard too much, puts our case fairly in these lines:

"Oh Canada! all worthy of thy sire,  
If needs be, firmly grasp the flashing steel,  
Kindle the flickering spark of martial fire  
That lives in thee; let liberty inspire  
To do and die, ere craven thou shouldst feel  
The pressure of the stern oppressor's heel."

But why should children of the mighty isle,  
Though scattered far by ocean's stormy wave,  
Forget their common origin?

Perish the thought! and with it every mood  
That nurtures spite or greed or jealousy!  
The fertile prairies and the teeming flood  
Can never fail to yield their meed of food  
To thee and us. Why should we disagree?

Together let us climb the steep's afar  
Where Fame's bright temple ever shines for all;  
There we shall twine the Red Cross and the Star,  
Symbols of gentle peace, but dot of war,  
Leading where friendship's voice may chance to call."

Yes: it is to the victories of peace that we aspire. And by no path can we more confidently seek such victories than by the spread of sound and generous and comprehensive culture. We are glad to see by an able address delivered lately by Sir J. William Dawson before the Teachers' Association of this province that our educational outlook is in several respects cheering. During a recent visit to Quebec he had, Sir William said, been pleased to note in the reports of Dr. Harper, inspector of academies and model schools, the evidence of decided improvement in those examined—an improvement which, there was reason to believe, extended also to the elementary schools. If, then, there were discouragements in certain directions (and these were not to be ignored) there was no justification for assuming a despondent tone. It was only those who, like Sir William Dawson,

could look back to the state of this province—even this city—thirty years ago who knew how very real was the progress that had been achieved. The Normal School especially had wrought a wondrous revolution in the character of the teachers and in educational methods.

We have already referred to the work done in industrial art education under the direction of the Council of Arts and Manufactures. In the same connection it may be worth while to call attention to a movement set afoot in connection with technical training in the mother country. There is in England a body the objects and character of which are indicated by its name—the National Association for the Promotion of Technical Education. Its president is Lord Hartington; its treasurer, Sir John Lubbock, M.P.; its secretaries, Sir Henry E. Roscoe, M.P., and Mr. Arthur H. D. Acland, M.P.; its assistant secretary, Mr. Llewellyn Smith. Under the head of technical it includes commercial and agricultural, as well as what is generally called industrial training. It aims at improving the capacity, in a broad sense, of all those on whom the industries of the kingdom depend, without, however, interfering with the teaching of trades in workshops, or with the usual training of the manufactory or warehouse. It desires to increase general dexterity of hand and eye among the young; to spread the knowledge of those principles of science and art that underlie the nation's industrial work, and to encourage the better instruction of those engaged in commercial pursuits in such branches as foreign languages and certain departments of science. What we would specially mention now, however, is that some time ago the secretaries issued circulars to business men and firms of good standing and experience asking them to give their opinions as to the value of technical education and to offer any suggestions that might occur to them as to its details. The replies received from a number of establishments have been published and we may take another opportunity of giving their substance. Meanwhile, why should not our own manufacturers and business men be appealed to in the same way on this special and most important question. We believe that good would result from such an appeal.

It is greatly to be deplored that the first season after the consummation of the triumph which the business communities of Quebec and Montreal and the Departments of Public Works and Marine joined with our Harbour Commissioners in celebrating last November should be inaugurated by a catastrophe. "Man proposes but God disposes" is generally the verdict in such cases, but as the ancient proverb is too often employed, it is a popular fallacy, or rather a piece of sophistry devised to shift due blame from where it should fall. In the collision which proved so fatal to the crew of the Cynthia we should, indeed, be sorry to think that there was any ground for the implied reproach. But the whole circumstances of the casualty have such an air of what is called the irony of fate—that such a loss of life should occur in the approaches to our harbour just when Montreal was felicitating itself on the security attained by long continued, thorough and costly improvements—that the general feeling cannot but be in favour of a most searching inquiry into the cause of the disaster. Last year the casualties were "very few and not one was of a serious nature." There was, however, a slight collision in Varennes channel between two steamers. After full investigation and the hearing of many witnesses, the Commissioners ad-



ministered a severe reprimand to a pilot for attempting to pass in a bend of the dredged channel when by waiting a little he could have passed safely. In that case neither pilot had reported, and it was found necessary to remind all the pilots by circular of the by-laws, which require a report of every pilotage immediately on its completion. In this year's fatality, however, delay in revealing what had happened was, of course, out of the question. At present the certificates of both pilots concerned have been surrendered till the inquiry is over, and it is to be hoped, both for their sakes and the credit of the service, that they will come out of it without blame.

In our last issue mention was made of the change of opinion that was gradually taking place in favour of the use of the 24-hour system of time notation instead of the traditional *ante-meridiem* and *post-meridiem* system. The last number of the *Locomotive Engineers' Monthly Journal* contains the report of the special committee on uniform standard time appointed by the American Society of Civil Engineers, of which Mr. Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., was chairman, introduced by a letter from Mr. Charles Paine, General Manager of the New York, West Shore and Buffalo Railroad. Therein it is stated that to the society's circular of inquiry there had been received sixty-one replies in favour of the 24-hour system and thirty-eight against it. It being deemed advisable to obtain the reasons on which the latter based their rejection, they were asked for them. The reasons given are certainly not serious, and when contrasted with the mass of intelligent opinion in favour of the change, they sink into insignificance. The letters from Mr. Van Horne, President of the C.P.R. Company, and Mr. Collingwood Schreiber, Chief Engineer and General Manager of Government railways, show that "the new notation has been thoroughly tested for two or three years on 3,657 miles of railway; that no difficulty whatever has been experienced in introducing the change; that it has been readily accepted by the public without a single objection being heard; that its extreme simplicity and the impossibility of errors resulting from its use facilitates the movements of trains and promotes the public safety." The report of the committee adds that the number of miles just given will soon be increased to 6,710. The system can be operated with ease and without inconvenience, and even those who object at first as to an innovation will come in time to recognize the advantages of the change.

The visit to Montreal of Prof. Roberts, of King's College, Windsor, N.S., author of "Orion" and "In Divers Tones," at the invitation of the Society of Canadian Literature, and his lecture at the conversation given in his honour on the 22nd inst. by that society, the Society for Historical Studies, and the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, will make last week memorable in Montreal's literary annals. The attendance of *littérateurs* and persons interested in our literary movement, both ladies and gentlemen, was large, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Elsewhere we publish a brief report of Mr. Robert's lecture.

#### PROS AND CONS.

Some time ago we made brief reference, under another heading, to a work recently published in England in which Mr. Alexander Gordon makes what he calls "a brief statement of the case against Imperial Federation." The scheme so named he

considers illusory and impalpable. At the same time he confesses his approval of a federal union of the British Isles—with separate local governments for England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland. He objects to Mr. Gladstone's Government of Ireland bill on account of the clause that would exclude Ireland from representation in the Imperial Parliament. But to give the colonies any such right of representation would be, he argues, to swamp the mother country and destroy her legitimate influence as the centre and head of the Empire. He looks with equanimity upon the ultimate independence of Britain's great outlying possessions. He would not hasten their separation, but he believes that the natural tendency of colonies is to assume independent life after they have reached a certain stage in their career. He sees no reason why Canada, Australia, the Cape and the West Indies may not part from England, when their respective times for doing so successively arrive, on the best terms and remain thereafter on the same good understanding as before. Instead of being colonies, they would then be free autonomous states, in allegiance with their former motherland. But that they should be taken into a federal union and recognized as parts of the Empire, with a voice in its affairs, on the same footing as England or Ireland, Scotland or Wales, Mr. Gordon looks upon as out of the question, a mere delusion, an impracticable dream. The result of such an attempt to draw closer the ties that bind us and the other colonies to the motherland would, in his opinion, be more likely to end in disruption than in the consolidation of the Empire. It would paralyze the United Kingdom, destroy its prestige, expose it to be outvoted on problems of vital importance, and deprive it of all freedom of initiative. What, then, is the best course to pursue? Just to remain as we are, neither hastening nor trying to avert our destiny.

Such also, though in fewer words, is the judgment that Lord Derby pronounces on the Imperial Federation movement. "Imperial Federation is a dream," says his Lordship, and, with that statement for its text, the *Toronto Week* some time ago preached a little sermon at Dr. Grant. "It is, no doubt," it adds, "a grand and inspiring dream, as Dr. Grant showed in his eloquent lecture at Kingston the other day, but it is a dream, nevertheless, in its visionary and impracticable character, as the first serious attempt to realize it will, no doubt, make plain." And then the *Week* pictures for its readers the position of Canada, with its 5,000,000, in commercial and political union with 315,000,000 of people—some of them at the ends of the earth—and asks them to contemplate the complete swallowing up of her political influence. But Dr. Grant is not the least dismayed. He has carried his federation principles round the globe and brought them back to Kingston stronger and more pronounced than ever. Dr. Grant is no new convert to the doctrine of Imperial Unity—a term which, with him, we prefer to Imperial Federation—for he learned it a generation ago from Joseph Howe. "Who was Joseph Howe?" he asks; and he answers: "A poet and the greatest statesman Nova Scotia has produced. He won responsible government for his native province against an opposing array of forces, and then ruled the province for the greater part of his life." And like Howe, Archibald and Tupper, Blake and Mowat and Sir John Macdonald are unionists. But it may be said, adds Dr. Grant, that these men—Sir John and Mr. Mowat—show no activity in the cause, though one of them had pluckily asked: "What

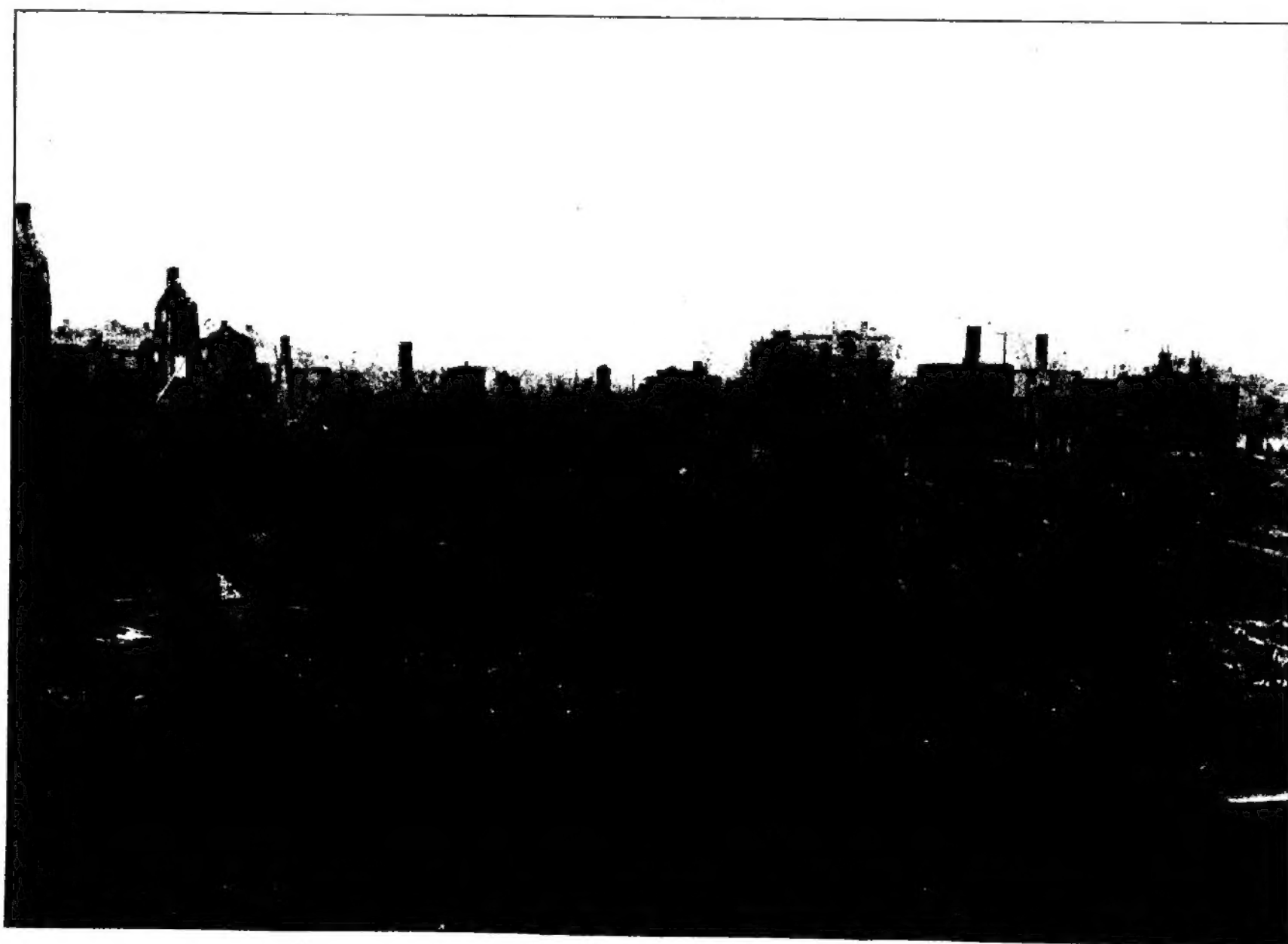
are statesmen for but to overcome difficulties?" "I am glad," rejoins Dr. Grant, for the benefit of that invidious questioner, "that they do not. Their work is to execute the mandates of the people, and they have received no mandate as yet on this subject." Dr. Grant thinks the opinion of men like the late Mr. Forster, founder of the League in England; like Lord Rosebery, its president; like the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, who moved the resolution that Mr. Mowat seconded, of too much weight to be dismissed as a dream even by Lord Derby. As for the *Week's* comparison of figures, he asks whether Britain is not the governing power of India to-day, and how the addition of ten or eleven millions of British citizens in Canada, South Africa and Australia would affect injuriously that governing power. Canada is unstable, lacking full stature of political maturity, as the *Week* admits, and such instability is bad for her. Dr. Grant will give the fullest rights of citizenship in the federal Empire. As for the objection on the ground of distance, Dr. Grant recalls that the day was when the Alleghanies, the Mississippi, the Rocky Mountains, the barren lands between the Upper Ottawa and the Red River were deemed sufficient to divide nations, but that day is past. "Modern conditions have changed all that; more truly so where the sea is concerned than the land." As long as Canada has sons as loyal and hopeful as the Principal of Queen's University, we need not fear for her future. As he admits, however, neither Sir John Macdonald nor any local premier has as yet received any mandate from the people in favour of the federal scheme, and one premier, at least, is not likely to risk it as a plank in his platform. Nevertheless, the spirit that actuates federationists, like Dr. Grant, is the right spirit, for whatever may be the details of their scheme (and on that point no definite understanding has yet been reached), they boldly and constantly maintain one grand principle—that of Imperial unity—and as far as it represents that principle, we are in hearty sympathy with the movement.

#### LITERARY LIFE IN CANADA.

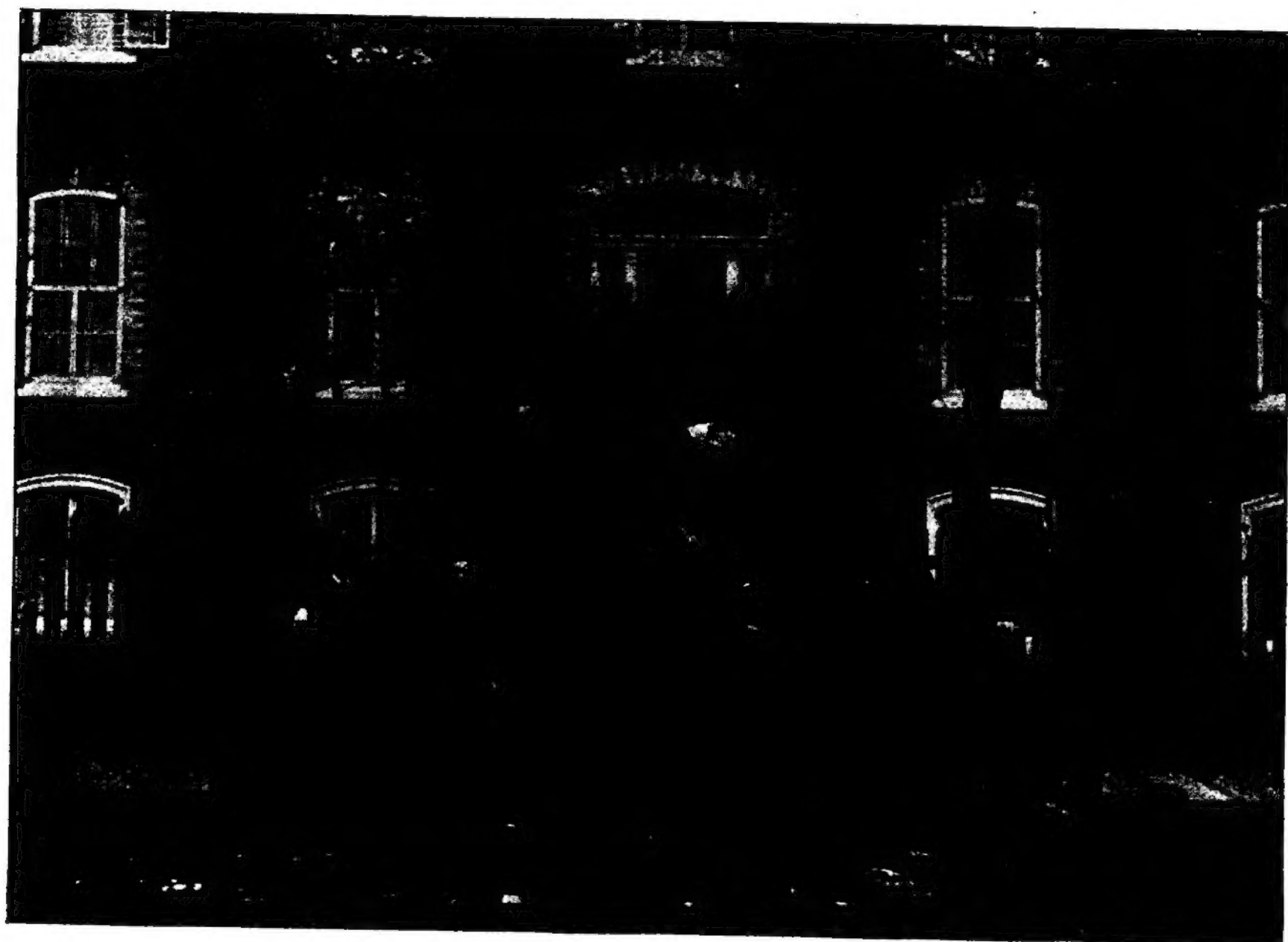
In January last a new society came into being in this city, mainly through the instrumentality of Mr. W. D. Lighthall. Its object was implied in the name which, after some discussion, it was decided to give it—the Society of Canadian Literature, and that object has been fairly carried out by the reading of generally carefully prepared papers on our more eminent writers in French and English, in prose and poetry. It was deemed well to close the first session by a meeting somewhat different from the others, and two other societies gladly concurring, and Prof. Roberts kindly consenting to lecture, the result was the conversation of the 22nd inst. The oldest of the three societies—the Numismatic and Antiquarian—was represented by some of its members, Mr. W. D. Lighthall, its secretary, acting as its spokesman in the unavoidable absence of the Hon. Mr. Justice Baby, its president. The Society for Historical Studies, which, though young, has done some excellent work, was represented by its vice-president, Mr. W. J. White, and by its secretary, Mr. J. P. Edwards, and a number of other members. The Society of Canadian Literature was represented by the Rev. Prof. J. Clark Murray, LL.D., who presided at the meeting, by Mr. Lighthall, and a full gathering of members.

After some suitable words of welcome from the chairman and Messrs. White and Lighthall, Prof. Roberts announced that his subject was "Literary Life in Canada," and took for his text a passage from Stedman expressive of the difficulty by which American idealism was retarded, and, after introducing his subject, spoke first of neglect, and doubted if it had ever killed really pre-eminent

## THE QUEBEC DISASTER.



VIEW OF THE RUINS FROM THE BEDARD PROPERTY.

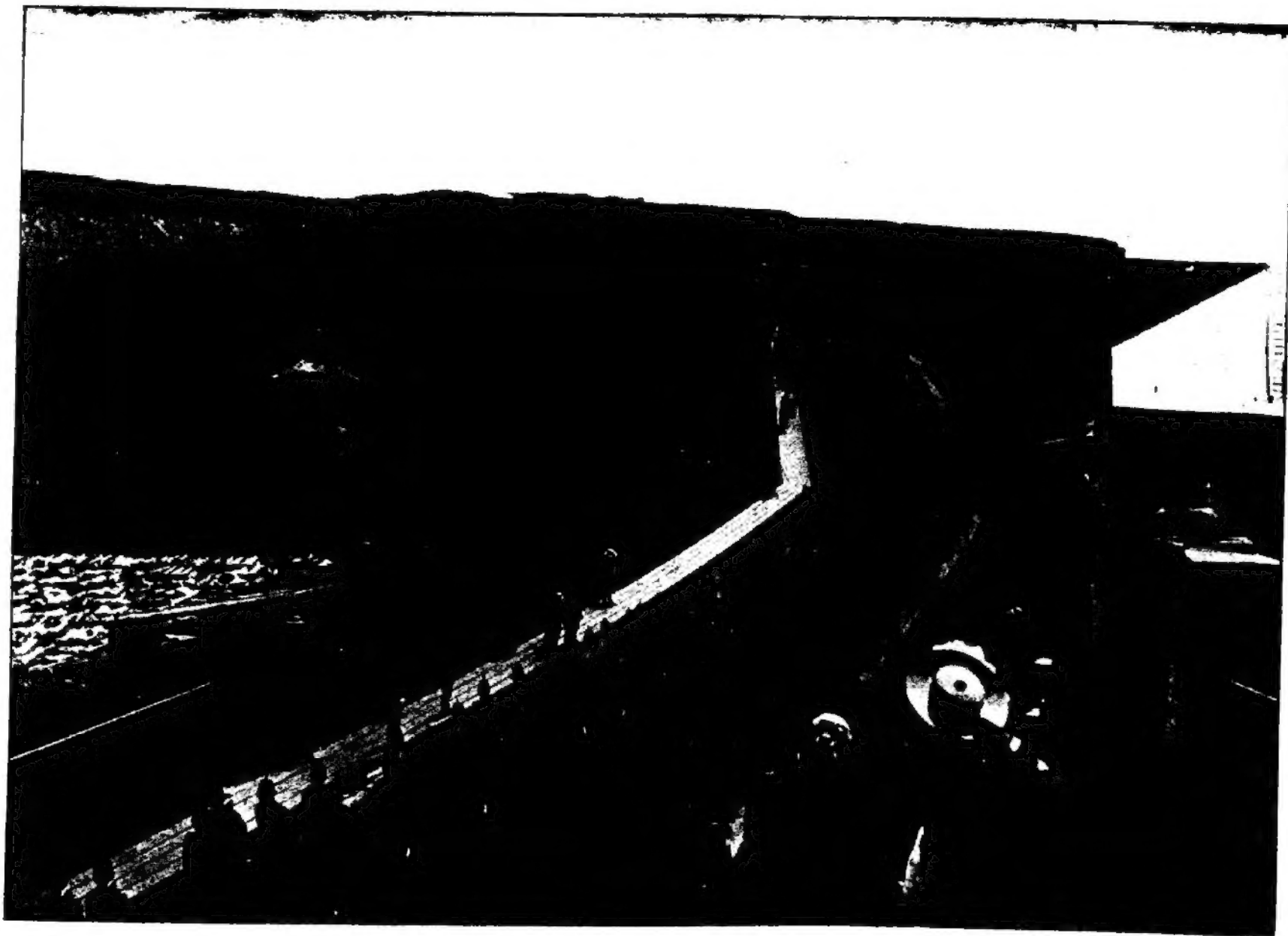


APPLICANTS FOR PROVISIONS AT THE OBLAT PRESBYTERY AT DINNER TIME.

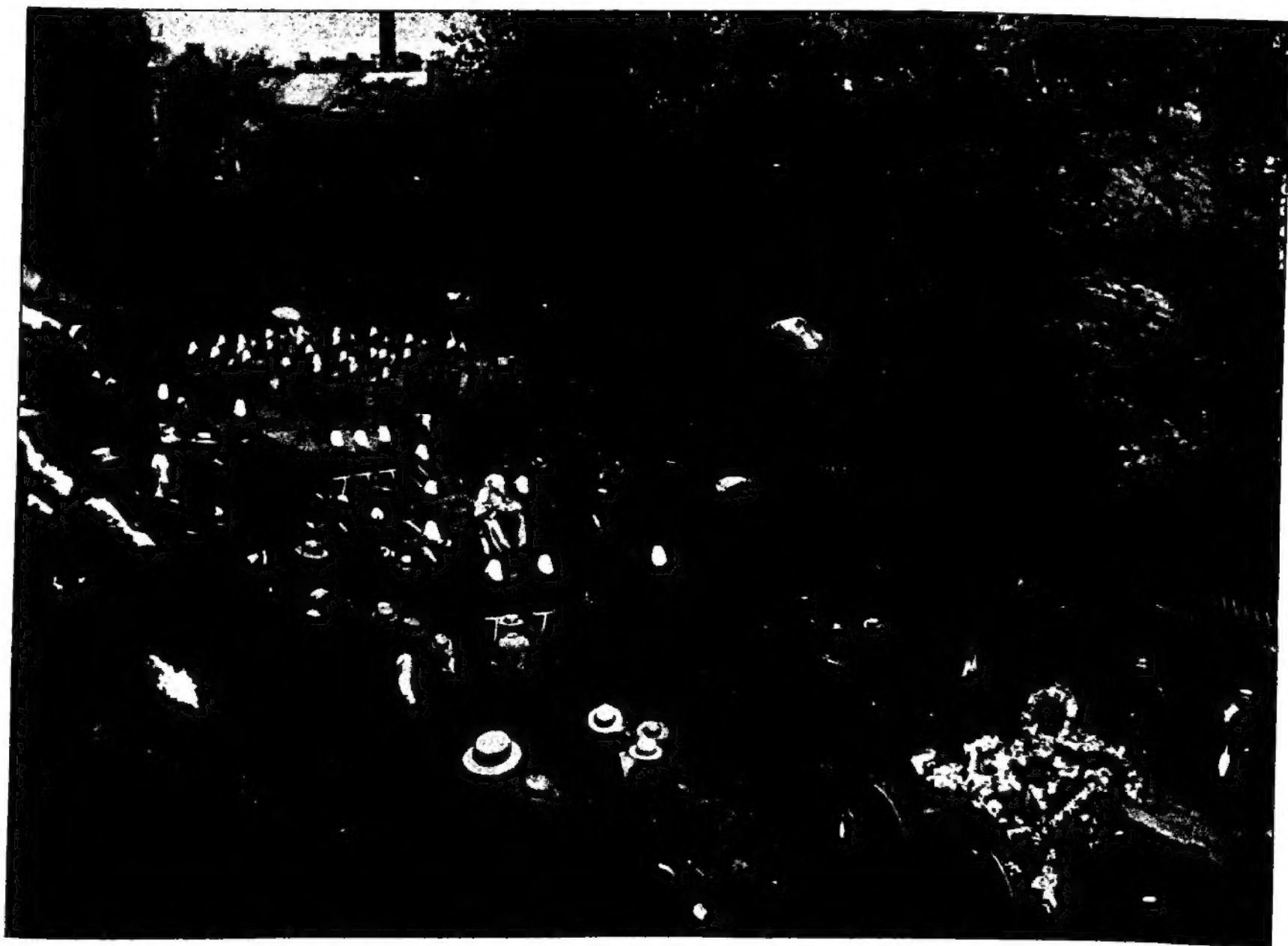
From photographs by Livernois.



## THE QUEBEC DISASTER.



MAJOR SHORT'S FUNERAL LEAVING THE CITADEL.



THE GUN CARRIAGE BEARING THE BODY, MAJOR SHORT'S CHARGER, "TOM KING," AND THE CARRIAGE LOAD OF FLORAL OFFERINGS ARRIVING AT ST. LOUIS STREET.

From photographs by Livernois.

talent. Apart from pecuniary neglect, Canadians did not suffer for lack of appreciation, for the first hint of special ability found a host of friends to herald it. The lack of pecuniary recognition was one of their "interdicts," and it was most felt by writers of fiction, who are dependent on the stimulus which a ready market affords. A limited population, books cheap and foreign, the unsatisfactory condition of the copyright law conspired against them. With poetry it was different; the failure to secure a money market for it was no discredit; but poets had to cultivate many practical qualities, to live as well as sing, and they had no right to be impractical or helpless. Every nation had to pass through a probationary period, but it might be expected that theirs would be shorter than that of the Americans, and they might have a comforting augury from a remembrance of what has been accomplished by four heroic pioneers, Haliburton, Garneau, Heavysege and Cremazie. The main obstacles the profession of letters in Canada had to contend with were the limitation of the market the lack of international copyright and the comparative indifference of the non-literary population. Canadians had a motive and hope. They could look back on a romantic past, and forward to a future full of mystery and radiant promise and immeasurable possibility. Dealing with the national life he did not commit himself to federation or independence, and he looked upon annexation as a quicksand, upon which, if they were not vigilant, some ignorant or unscrupulous pilot might steer the national ship. The literature of a people was shaped by their character and was the effect, not the cause; yet it influenced profoundly the direction of the nation's aims. It was the historians, the romancers and the poets that were singularly fortunate in the material ready to their hands. In concluding he spoke of the technique of poetry and urged what Swinburne calls "the splendid and imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength."

The lecture was well received and at its conclusion many of the audience availed themselves of the long desired opportunity of paying their respects to Prof. Roberts, who has added a good many names to his list of personal friends. The Natural History Society's rooms, where the conversation took place, provided abundant themes for conversation, even if the guests had not come with minds well stored. The special exhibit of the Society for Historical Studies was, however, something new even to the ordinary frequenters of the museum and reflected credit on the members to whose zeal and generosity it was due.

### A SONG OF LIFE'S SEASONS.

#### CHILDHOOD:

"Sing me a song of the budding spring-time,  
Sing Robin, thou chorister free!  
Reechoes the welcome the silvery chime;  
Lo! a World opens to life and to me.  
Childhood's glad Spring  
Joyously sing,  
With its presage of what shall be!"

#### YOUTH:

"Sing I my song all the long summer days;  
As the amorous Sun kisses my cheek  
And the breeze, lover-like, with my tresses plays—  
For my love's hopes must utterance seek.  
Youth's summer wanes;  
Pleasure still reigns;  
My glad heart its rapture would speak!"

#### MANHOOD:

"Sing me no song that shall daintily float,  
No Troubadour lay to me sing.  
Rings the Trumpet of Fame its far-sounding note;  
Wealth and Honours, O Years, to me bring!  
Autumn doth pour  
Its garnered store—  
Enjoy! lest thy riches take wing."

#### OLD AGE:

"Sing me no song; soon thou shalt be as I,  
Thy withered heart lifeless as stone.  
Sing ne'er so sweetly, ye wake but a sigh  
For the dead past and years that have flown.  
Death's Winter night  
Chills with a fright;  
The cold blasts their requiem moan!"

#### ENVOY:

Sing while ye may, let bubbling laughter well  
As springs the purling brook from icy fetters freed!  
Keep young thine heart, its lightsome gladness tell  
To others who, mayhap, shall cheer thee in thy need!  
Montreal. SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.



THE LATE MAJOR C. J. SHORT, "B" BATTERY, CANADIAN REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY.—We present our readers with two portraits of the late Major Short, each of which will by his friends be recognized as a good likeness and characteristic. Of the circumstances of his tragic death our readers are already aware. During the late disastrous fire at Quebec he stepped into a small wooden house on St. Gertrude street, on the line of the conflagration, to perfect arrangements for blowing it up, when the gunpowder (it is supposed by a spark entering through the window), prematurely exploded. The result was that Major Short was buried in the ruins of the building, where his remains, horribly mutilated, were afterwards found, while Staff-Sergeant Walleck, who had been following, was fatally injured. It was not for some hours that the burning debris could be approached, and then, when the rubbish had been thrown aside, all that was left of the gallant Major was conveyed to the Citadel by his grief-stricken comrades. The sergeant was taken, in a dying state, to the Marine Hospital, where, before he expired, he was able to give some explanation of the accident. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict according to the evidence, that Charles John Short and George Walleck had come to their deaths on the 16th of May in the manner indicated, and recorded their appreciation of the coolness and self-devotion of the major and his companion. Major Short was in the prime of life, being only in his 42nd year. He was a son of Judge Short, of Sherbrooke, P.Q. In his native city he had served with the local Garrison Artillery, and when the Fenian raid broke out was called to active service, acting as adjutant of his corps. In 1874 he obtained a lieutenancy in the regular artillery, being attached to the battery in which he served till his death. In 1882 he received his captaincy, in succession to Lieut.-Col. Montizambert, who took the place of Gen. Strange. Soon after he was gazetted as major. His battery was the means of quelling the Quebec labour riots in 1879, at which time he was severely wounded in the head. In the Northwest, in 1885, he served with distinction, being again and again mentioned in Major-General Middleton's despatches. It is noteworthy that the undress uniform worn in the standing portrait is the same that Major Short wore in the Northwest campaign, the cap being the one which was pierced with a bullet, when its wearer had an almost literally hair-breadth escape from death. He wore the same uniform on the night of the fatal fire. Major Short has left a widow—the daughter of Mr. John Carruthers, of Kingston, and a child of tender age. The news of his death created a profound sensation not only in Quebec, but in Kingston, in Montreal, in fact, wherever the deceased was known. In the present number we give engravings of Major Short's funeral, one representing it as it leaves the Citadel, the other showing the gun carriage bearing the body, the late officer's charger, "Tom King," and the carriage load of floral offerings, arriving at St. Louis street.

THE ST. SAUVEUR FIRE, QUEBEC, MAY 16.—We present our readers in to-day's issue with a view, taken expressly for the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, of the terribly destructive and fatal fire in the St. Sauveur suburbs, Quebec, by which the late Major Short and Staff-Sergt. Walleck lost their lives, on the 16th inst. Apart from the tragic loss of these brave soldiers, the fire caused devastation in a large and populous district, leaving several thousands of unhappy sufferers homeless and dependent on the public charity. The crowning catastrophe was, however, the shocking fate of Major Short and the valiant non-commissioned officer who accompanied him—a twofold tragedy which will make the St. Sauveur fire sadly memorable in the annals of Quebec. It is the glory of Major Short and Sergeant Walleck that they sacrificed their lives in endeavoring to save the property of their fellow-citizens from destruction.

THE RUINS LEFT BY THE QUEBEC FIRE.—This picture tells its own woful tale. Nothing could be more melancholy than these blackened remains of human habitations. But out of just such abominations of desolation have arisen, with more than phoenix-like power, some of the fairest scenes of which civilization, art and industry on this continent—and in our own Dominion—can boast. Our youngest, as well as our most ancient city, has passed through that fiery ordeal into newer, fairer and more vigorous life.

THE SPOT WHERE MAJOR SHORT AND SERGEANT WALLECK WERE KILLED.—It is with melancholy interest that our readers—especially those who had the pleasure of knowing the deceased and the sorrow of deploring their untimely but glorious deaths—will contemplate this engraving. It is to be hoped that some memorial will mark the spot where the two valiant soldiers—a commissioned and a non-commissioned officer of the most important service in our little army—gave their lives so bravely in the cause of the public safety. No heroism of the battlefield could better deserve remembrance than that which led Major Short and Sergeant Walleck to an early doom.

THE LATE HON. ROBERT DUNSMUIR, M.P., PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, BRITISH COLUMBIA. On another page we publish an engraving of this statesman, whose death took place on the 12th April, at his residence, Victoria, B.C. Robert Dunsmuir was born in Hurlford, Ayrshire, Scotland, in August, 1826, and was therefore in his

63rd year. He was the son of Mr. James Dunsmuir, a proprietor of coal mines in that locality, but being early left an orphan, was brought up by his uncle, Mr. Boyd Gilmour, of Glasgow, with whom, accompanied by his wife and two children, he went to British Columbia in 1851. Mr. Gilmour was employed by the H. B. Co. to explore for and open up mines for them, in Vancouver Island, the result of which was the discovery of the mines now the property of the Vancouver Coal Company, at Nanaimo, on the east coast of the island. On Mr. Gilmour's return to Scotland in 1853, Mr. Dunsmuir was left in sole management of the mines, and continued to fill that position for many years to the full satisfaction of the company. In 1865 he was induced to accept the management of the Hanwood coal mines, in the same locality, owned by the Hon. Captain Lascelles, R.N. (since deceased), but as they turned out a fizzle shortly afterwards, Mr. Dunsmuir resigned the management and devoted his time to prospecting on his own account. After spending some five years in this work, he was at length rewarded by the discovery of the now famous Wellington coal mines, which are superior to any so far opened up on the Pacific coast, and from the judicious management of which he subsequently laid the foundation of the great wealth of which he was possessed when death put an end to his useful career. Mr. Dunsmuir was the original promoter, as well as manager and principal owner of the Vancouver Island Railway, in which he was associated with ex-Gov. Stanford, of California, C. P. Huntington, of New York, and the late Charles Crocker, of Southern Pacific Railway notoriety, and in which he held the controlling interest, owning nearly two-thirds of the stock. At the time of his death he was engaged in opening up the extensive and valuable "Union" collieries in the Comox valley, on the Island, about 65 miles to the north of the Wellington mines. In connection with the above enterprises Mr. Dunsmuir gave employment to nearly 2,000 men, and was also the owner of a fleet of sailing vessels and steamships representing many thousands of tonnage for the coal carrying business, for which his principal markets were San Francisco, Wilmington, the Sandwich Islands and China. He was about to increase the fleet by three other steamers of 6,000 tons each, which are now under construction at Newcastle-on-Tyne and will shortly be completed, when they will be put to ply between the New Union Mines and San Francisco. Mr. Dunsmuir was a man of great enterprise and business capacities, and combined an iron will and indomitable determination and perseverance, with a most kindly and charitable disposition. Mr. Dunsmuir was elected to the Legislature for Nanaimo first in 1882, and has held a seat for the constituency ever since. He married in 1847, in Kilmarnock, Scotland (at the academy of which town he was educated), Joanna, daughter of Mr. Alex. White. He leaves a wife, eight daughters and two sons to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and kind and indulgent father. The only member of his family residing in Montreal is a daughter married to Col. Houghton, D.A.C. The funeral of Mr. Dunsmuir took place on the 16th of April, and was the largest ever witnessed in British Columbia, one of the largest, indeed, of those which have done honour to Canadian public men in the Dominion. Special trains kept arriving from all the neighboring towns for hours before the time fixed for the solemnity, and the streets of Victoria were crowded as they had seldom, if ever, been crowded before. A host of friends and acquaintances of the dead statesman entered Mr. Dunsmuir's late residence in order to obtain a last look at the familiar features. The body lay in the drawing-room, in a casket composed of metal, with plate glass front, and finished in imitation of rosewood. The trimmings were of massive silver, plainly elegant. On the silver plate was this inscription:

ROBERT DUNSMUIR,  
Died April 12, 1889.  
Aged 64 years.

The simplicity of this inscription was in harmony with Mr. Dunsmuir's life and character, and as one by one his many friends gazed upon the face of him whom they had esteemed and loved they might almost have imagined that he lay in a quiet sleep, so perfect, so natural was the repose. The head rested on a pillow of roses, over the white satin lining of the casket. The floral offerings were numerous and varied—some of them bearing the names of the senders, others being tributes from unknown hands. On one card, accompanying a splendid wreath of white roses, were the words, "From the best friend I ever had," and the words doubtless expressed the feelings of many others. The general population of the city showed its sorrow by the closing of places of business till the procession had passed. Flags everywhere floated at half-mast. The streets were lined with sorrowing spectators. "C" Battery, R.C.A., the Garrison Artillery of Victoria, officers of the Royal Navy, the St. Andrew's, Caledonian and several other societies, and the employees of several important business and manufacturing firms marched in the procession. A short service was held at the house by the Rev. P. McF. Macleod, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, as edited by the Rev. A. Christie, of Wellington, chaplain to the mines. The pall-bearers were Messrs. W. F. Bullen, Joseph Hunter, Robt. Ward, Joseph Trutch, George Gillespie, R. P. Rithet, Q.C., Theo. Davie, Q.C., the Hon. Speaker Pooley, the Hon. F. G. Vernon, Chief Justice Sir M. B. Bigbee, and the Hon. John Robson. The chief mourners were Messrs. J. J. and R. Bryden, J. Harvey, N. P. Snowden, the Hon. J. S. Helmcken, Dr. J. D. Helmcken, Dr. Harrington, Dr. J. E. Davie, Messrs. Wm. Whyte, H. K. Pryor, John Croft and F. G. Little. At St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church the service was continued by Rev. Messrs. Macleod and



Christie. The procession then reformed and moved slowly to Ross Bay Cemetery, where, as the soles fell on the coffin, after the closing words of the service, the Wellington Band played the beautiful and solacing hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." "Thus," writes one who attended the solemn service, "was laid to rest a man than whom no truer was ever born; a man who, once a friend, was one till the end of time; a man of whom it may be said that he made his country and his friends his first and every thought; a man of iron will and gigantic intellect, used for the benefit of his fellowmen; a man such as the world knows seldom, and who by his life, his struggles and the good he has done, has won for himself the first place in the hearts of British Columbians, and has earned an honoured page in the world's history."

**THE COLLISION NEAR LONGUE POINTE BETWEEN THE POLYNESIAN AND THE CYNTHIA.**—A sad inauguration of our navigation season was the collision on the morning of the 22nd inst. between the Polynesian and the Cynthia. The former, one of the Allan line, was in command of Captain Hugh Wylie; the latter, of the Donaldson line, was in charge of Capt. John Taylor. The respective pilots were Louis V. Bouillé and Brunet. The accident was witnessed from the shore, and assistance was promptly rendered by Mr. John McVey, of Longue Pointe, and took place about 15 feet from the bank of the river. Of warning there was virtually none. The shock came—a fearful crash—and the Cynthia was drifting with her bow low down and her screw nearly out of the water. Eight lives were lost—all men of the Cynthia. Some of them might have been saved but yielded up their chances to the pilot, who could not swim. The drowned were: Hugh Irving, chief cook, Glasgow; Alexander Michol, sailor, Glasgow; Andrew Vance and Charles McCracken, trimmers; James Ferron, boatswain; David Young, stowaway from Glasgow, and Charles Blackstock, messroom-boy. In our engraving the scene of the disaster is well brought out.

**SCENES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, BY MRS. A. SPRAGGE.**—In the present number we publish Mrs. Spragge's third paper on her experiences in British Columbia, with the accompanying sketches. On the interest and value of both letterpress and illustrations, coming thus fresh with the imprint and authority of personal testimony, we need not dwell.

**GATHERING WILD FLOWERS.**—A sweet little girl out on the moorland, filling her basket and apron with heather sprigs, bluebells and lady-slippers. She is not alone, though you see no one with her. But her eyes tell the tale; she is in the wake of some one, an elder sister or a rollicking brother, who stalks along leading the way. What pleasure equals that of strolling among the bushes, tall grass, and wild flowers in the early summer days, drinking deep draughts of pure air, laden with the scent of the apple and hawthorn blossoms!

## THE RIDEAU LAKES, IN PROSE AND RHYME.

BY MARK G. McELHINNEY.

### I.

The fact that Canada possesses many stretches of fine scenery is well known and is acknowledged, with no small degree of pride, by every true-hearted Canadian.

There is a variety of landscape such as is found in few other countries. There are the wild and rugged shores of our Maritime Provinces, the fertile lands and great inland seas of Ontario, the lonely beauty of the rolling prairies and the majestic grandeur of the Rockies, which slope westward toward the restless waters of the Pacific Ocean.

While all are familiar with the greater points, it is forgotten by some that there exist throughout our country small spots, the scenery of which is well worth a visit, and whose countless attractions can claim the admiration of all lovers of nature.

One of the most delightful regions in our country is that portion of Ontario that surrounds and includes the Rideau Lakes. Here the writer has spent several most pleasant and profitable summer months—wheeling around them in '85, canoeing through them in '87, and again in '88, and remaining each time for several weeks camping on an island in the middle lake, or Big Rideau, as named by the inhabitants.

These lakes possess a beauty of their own—a wildness, a surprise. Slowly threading a narrow passage, between verdure-laden islets, the rounding of a point will suddenly bring into view a broad expanse of water, whose continuous shores seem to have no outlet; but, hidden behind some island or projecting headland will be found a passage leading through another labyrinth of islands, and, just as further progress seems impossible, another miniature sea breaks on the view.

To the northward of the large lakes are others, small lakelets, the greater number of which are connected with the main chain. These offsets afford

unlimited scope for canoeing and yachting, although the puffing and growling of a steam yacht grates unpleasantly on the ear, while the rhythmic plash of the paddle lends a sweeter music to the enchanting surroundings.

The Rideau Lakes do not possess the awful grandeur of those of Switzerland, nor the cold ruggedness of some of the Scotch lochs; there is about them an inspiration more subdued and peaceful, while every point and island, every bay and headland glows with a sweetly picturesque beauty.

The waters are cool and deep, hiding in their depths those denizens that are held so dear to the hearts of the disciples of Izaak Walton; the salmon trout may be found in the deeper waters, the bass in his favourite bottoms, while the wily and voracious pike finds a home in the weedy bays of the south shore.

The sportsman finds ample opportunity for his favourite enjoyment. Several of the small lakes to the northward of the main chain, and accessible by canoe from it, are fairly alive with duck. Few know the channels and fewer the land surrounding them, but to the sportsman that is willing to undergo a few extra inconveniences, they are open, and the reward is many times worth the trouble of its attainment.

The Rideau has its history and its traditions, has had its events and its characters, which are worth recording. It is true that with advancing civilization the Rideau became, and is becoming, more thickly populated, and in time will lose much of its retired quietness. This is the fate of all such places—the unavoidable penalty that nature pays to man. It is, therefore, desirable that its scenes be enjoyed and its history recorded ere its wild beauty vanish and its weird legends are forgotten.

### II.

In years long past, on Rideau's Lakes,  
E'er Whiteman's voice was heard,  
No sound was but the water's wash,  
And cry of beast and bird,

Our eyes enraptured ne'er had swept,  
Our nostrils ne'er had breathed  
The fragrance of thy many isles  
By vine and wild flower wreathed.

The lonely loon, with weird wild cry,  
Thy echoing caverns roused;  
The timid doe as nature wild  
Upon thy gladings broused.

Thy ripples glinted in the light  
From morning's opening doors;  
Thy surges foamed their force away  
Upon thy rocky shores.

Erstwhile the Indian's bark canoe  
Upon thy bosom sped;  
He broke thy music little, for  
Its beauty had not fled.

He lived as nature's simple child,  
His wild simplicity  
Sought for no higher, better goal  
Than in thy care to be.

Long years the Redman's fragile bark  
Thy sparkling waters cleft;  
Long years, with ever subtle foot,  
Thy mossy borders pressed;

Long had he hunted, fought, and loved  
Upon thy islets fair;  
Long lived, in perfect harmony,  
The child of nature there.

But now the Redman's race is run,  
His warriors no more  
Their wild war-song and frenzied dance  
Echo from shore to shore.

The chiefs have sought their guerdon  
In the spirit land of rest;  
And greet their warrior fathers  
Mid the sunset of the West.

Still the Lake spreads in its beauty,  
Like a crystal to the light;  
Still its many-coloured sunsets  
Usher in its starry nights;

Still the songs of bird in woodland,  
And the sounds of wave and wind,  
Have a music, sweet and holy,  
 wooing peace to every mind.

### III.

SUNSET ON THE RIDEAU.  
(To J. H.)

'Twas sunset—Rideau's bosom, calm  
As molten silver, stretched afar  
Beneath a sky, whose faultless blue  
Had not a fleck its arch to mar.—

A moment, then a rising cloud  
Along the vision-bounding line  
The sinking sun's descending ray  
Flashed into life its glories fine:  
The cloud increased, piled tower on tower,  
In battlemented glory rowed,  
In arch and pinnacle and spire  
Gold-tipped; the lower levels flowed  
In tints of red and shades of grey,  
That naught but Nature's masterhand  
E'er painted on the azure sky,  
Or magic mists of fairyland.  
Short space it lived, the fading light  
From ever-changing brilliant tints  
Repainted each in sombre grey,  
Like some old storied priory.  
The cloud towers parted, rent in two,  
In gold the sun sank down from sight;  
The vision, soul-entrancing dream,  
Died, mantled in the folds of night.

### IV.

RIDEAU'S CHIEFTAIN.

On the shore of middle Rideau  
Lives an old and happy chieftain,  
With an old and faithful deerhound,  
Peacefully his waning days.  
In his youth he trapped and hunted  
All along the Rideau shore:  
Slew the bear and trapped the beaver,  
Caught the pike and bass and salmon,  
Hunted deer and snared the rabbit,

On the lonely Rideau shore.  
In the chase was no one faster,  
With the rifle none was surer,  
None more brave nor no eye keener  
Than the chieftain of the shore.  
All his life was pure and noble  
And his bearing kind and gentle;  
All the children loved the coming  
Of the chief of Rideau's shore.  
Now the old man's sun is setting  
And his hair is growing whitened,  
But his voice is clear and cheerful—  
Cheery as in days of yore.

Now his days of chase are over  
And his valiant deeds are finished,  
So he bideeth for the summons  
To his fathers evermore.  
Great and noble is the lifetime  
That is spent in love with nature  
In accord with nature's teachings  
Wished for less, or yearned for more;  
Great will be the radiant sunset  
O'er the wide expanse of waters,  
Brilliant hued in glory flowing  
Down the lake from shore to shore,  
When the old man's noble spirit  
Seeks the dwelling of his fathers  
Mid the dark and unknown shadows  
Far beyond the Rideau's shore.

Ottawa, March, 1889.

## PARIS EXPOSITION.

The three domes are the three leading features and salient points of departure for the eye. They are elaborately framed up in iron, and faced with coloured encaustic tiles. I acquired a taste for domes coloured in encaustic tiles in Mexico, where they are a fine old Spanish tradition, and hardly expect now to get over it. All round the front of the Palais des Groupes Divers, or, as we should say, the main building, runs a two-storied arcade, abutting against the two high transverse galleries, the Galerie Rapp and the Galerie Dessaix, which form a division between the wings of the main building and the Palaces of the Fine Arts and the Liberal Arts respectively. Its upper story is formed into a frieze, some fifteen feet high, in the Renaissance manner, which is of the richest and most original description. It is fretted in very high relief with a tossing foam of leafage, scrolls, and cherubim supporting escutcheons. The figures are of more than life-size. The work is simply in plaster, to which a general tone of old ivory has been given, while portions, such as the borders and the shields, were being picked out with gold and colours. The part where this mingled sculpture and mosaic was already complete, serving as a specimen of the whole, was like a dashing, lovely sketch, which you would like to keep in its present condition. Plaster is naturally not the most durable of materials, but, treated as this is with something to harden its surface, it can easily last its six months' exposure out-of-doors during the pleasant season. It will be a great pity if, after that, some means be not found for producing this remarkable frieze in stone or terra cotta.—*Atlantic Monthly.*



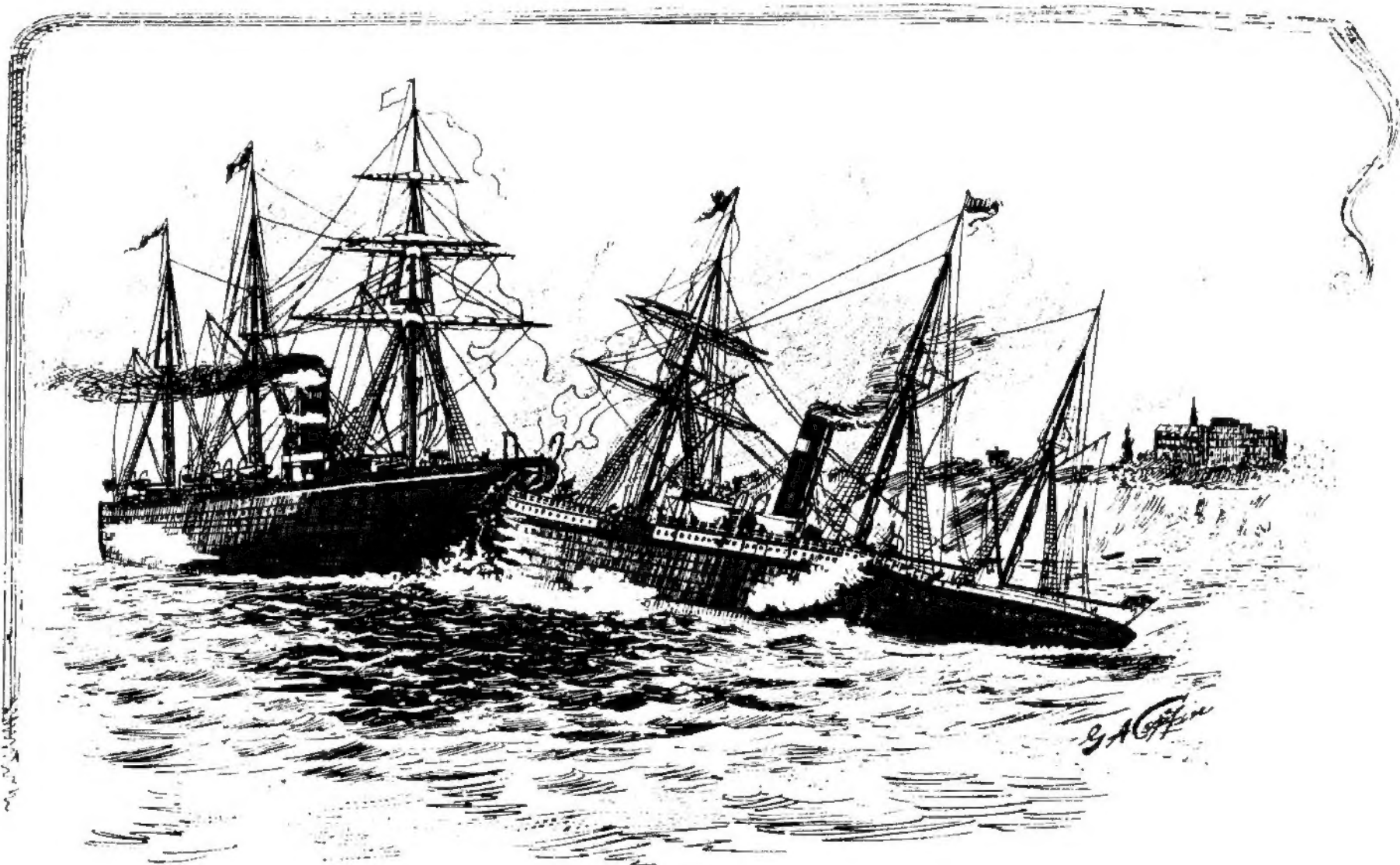


MAJOR SHORT'S FUNERAL IN QUEBEC.  
GENERAL VIEW OF THE PROCESSION IN ST. LOUIS STREET.

From a photo. by Livernois.



THE LATE HON. ROBERT DUNSMUIR,  
From a photo. by Hastings, Victoria, B.C.



THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE POLYNESIAN AND THE CYNTHIA AT LONGUE POINTE.



## A Country Wedding.

BY YESTER.

II.

"Uncle," said I one day, "can these turkeys be locked up the day of the wedding?"

"Why, they'll lose a whole day's picking."

"They'll be picking at Annie's wedding breakfast if they are left at large."

"Oh, well! We'll see. It will be all right, I dare say. 'Where's Kate?'"

"Auntie is seeing to the two children's white dresses with Belle," I answered.

"Well, I want those children to come and help me to drive the calves into the home field."

"Will I go, daddy? I know Kitty and Lucy are being fitted and can't get away," said the bride-elect, putting down the eggs she was beating.

"You and Janie together may do," was the answer.

"We couldn't leave these things to the mercy of the dogs and turkeys. I can get the calves in myself, for they always follow me. You beat these eggs, Janie," and off she ran.

"It's just my luck," said Uncle Harry. "Four girls and only one boy with this large farm on my hands. Now, if they'd all been boys!—I wouldn't have sold my commission if I'd known how it would be."

"Dick will soon be able to help you," I said, consolingly. Dick was the baby of the family, a pretty little pickle, aged four.

I forebore to remark that, as far as putting calves in the field, his daughter had done more than he thought of trying himself.

Annie soon came in breathless. "They are all right now, father; but John has come back from the village, and wants to know whether he is to go on with that new fence."

That took the captain off, and we made short work of the squeaking turkeys, and with the help of the maid-of-all-work got the cookery done.

Aunt Sue was to bring the cake from Quebec; so, as Annie said, "even if the worst came to the worst, we would always have something to eat."

As it was such an informal wedding, I suggested a stand-up breakfast, but Aunt Kate would not listen to me. Annie and Arthur were to drive ten miles afterwards to catch the train, and they must make a good meal, and they could not do that standing up. In vain I told her that it only meant not sitting stiffly at the table; and that if it were in a picnic fashion Annie would probably eat more than if seated by the bridegroom and being stared at by everybody. She held to her point though, in spite of all my eloquence.

"Then they'll be making speeches, and that is always tiresome," I said.

"I know Harry is determined to have a speech from Tom," was her answer.

My hair stood on end. "Then I'll go home," I gasped. "You know Tom is an infant and his voice is cracked."

"Don't say a word against Tom. He must make a beginning some day, the dear boy," she replied.

Uncle's little sanctum had been turned into a bedroom for Arthur, who had to be accommodated for one night, and we had left it all in perfect order, with the door shut to keep out the dogs, turkeys and chickens. Uncle had been away two whole days, seeing to the new fence, with the man, and that gave us a chance to get things under way a little, especially as he took Dick, the apple of his eye, with him. The dresses, too, were ready, all but a few finishing touches, and we were all enjoying a little relaxation before the final effort, for the great day was drawing near. Uncle was somewhere on the premises, but as he was out of the way, we let well alone. I had heard the monotonous "Where's Kate?" once the morning I speak of, but he seemed to have consoled himself without his better half, for Auntie was with us.

"Come," I said to her, "and see the drawing-room now. The new curtains are up and the new cretonne on the chairs and sofa."

The door, which had been left carefully shut, was wide open. There were marks of muddy boots on

the threshold, and those of dog's feet on the carpet. The newly-covered armchair held the white-coated family cat and the bull terrier was stretched on the sofa.

"It's all Uncle's doing!" I exclaimed. "This is just where he must have stood when he called 'Where's Kate?' about an hour ago," and I pointed to the footmarks. "You have just spoilt him, Auntie. He does it on purpose!"

I felt ready to cry, and Belle's good humour, for she was fresh from the sewing-room, and this was an agreeable change for her, nearly exasperated me.

"Well, anyway, there is Daddy's study turned into a nice bedroom. Come and see that, mother," said Annie.

We all went together and found this door shut, but on opening it we discovered Master Dick, boots and all, asleep on the snowy-white bed, his curly head nestled on the frilled pillow shams, and his much-to-be-pitied, but dearly-loved, puppy dog in his arms. Uncle Harry, with his pipe in his mouth, was writing at his desk, which had been converted into a toilet-table by our putting a looking-glass on it and a few toilet things over white draperies. All these things were on the floor by the side of his chair, and the room was filled with smoke.

We were all speechless, while the culprit looked up with his best smile and pointed to Dick.

"Don't wake him, dear little chap," he said in a whisper. "That fence has tired him out, so I thought I'd put him to sleep and keep him from worrying you." The last was said in a most benevolent manner.

What was to be said or done to such a man? I left him to Belle, as she seemed in such a good temper, and took a little stroll among the trees to recover my own.

At last the time came for Aunt Sue and Tom to arrive with the cake. I was agreeably surprised in Aunt Sue's conduct. She proved the truth of the old woman's remark, that "the least likeliest is often more likelier than the most likeliest," for she had braced herself up and behaved like a heroine. She chatted to Uncle Harry in spite of the headache she must have had, if not from his proximity, at any rate from the ten-mile drive she had had from the station; and she held that heavy boy Dick on her knee the whole of the first evening, so keeping the three troublesome ones out of mischief, for Tom was always Uncle Harry's shadow. I was afraid she might sleep it off, but the next morning she took the troublesome trio off to show her the wonderful turkeys and the calves, and so gave us an opportunity of doing the final cookery and making the necessary preparations for the next detachment of guests. These were to be Arthur and his mother, and a married friend and his wife from Montreal, who were to stay in the house. The other guests from the neighbourhood were to be the clergyman, Mr. Radford, and his wife and daughter, and two young Englishmen, who had come out to try their hand at farming and had become domesticated at the Denhams'. In mentioning the guests, I must not forget Tom, for Belle's prophecy had proved correct, and Arthur had written to ask if his young collie might have accommodation at Springfield for the wedding, as he was to be a third party during the honeymoon.

Two days before the wedding a letter came from Arthur saying that his half sister from New York had come unexpectedly to visit her step-mother, and was anxious to attend the wedding, so the only possible answer was sent by telegraph. None of us knew anything of Mrs. Cumberland, except that she was a fashionable widow, of course, some years older than Arthur. She was quite a traveller and rather erratic in her movement, hence this unlooked-for appearance at Aunt Weston's. The only available bedroom for her was Uncle's little study, which had been arranged again, we hoped, for the last time, for Arthur's use; and there was nowhere for poor Arthur to lay his head except on the large old-fashioned sofa in the dining-room, with his best man as a bedfellow. The sofa, which would have held four comfortably, had belonged to Captain Denham's grandfather, and not to Noah, as many people suggested. It was a most luxurious resting-place, and we only pitied Arthur on account of his having Tom as a bedfellow.

Poor Annie was greatly alarmed about the New York sister-in-law. She had borne everything so well till that letter came, and then one might have knocked her down with a feather. When the lady arrived, however, with Mrs. Weston, Arthur and Tom, there was nothing very formidable about her. She was a bright, gracious little woman, about thirty-five years old, dressed in a pretty gray travelling dress, which she evidently intended to wear at the wedding, for her luggage was very small. She was so cheerful and friendly that Annie's nervousness vanished, and very soon we were all glad she had come.

Indeed, things were passing off very nicely, and I was in hopes that the excitement caused by the new arrivals would keep Uncle from undoing any more of our plans, for he was of a sociable turn of mind. I would have been entirely free from misgiving if I had not heard a conversation from the verandah, as Elsie and I were decking the drawing-room with ferns and wild flowers. Uncle and Tom were together, and the former was urging poor Tom to make a speech.

"You know, Tom, the best man must say something nice about the bridesmaid."

"But I was told I'd have nothing of the kind to do. Aunt Sue said they only had speeches when there were toasts, and Aunt Kate doesn't approve of wine."

"A clever fellow like you can manage to put in a speech without wine, I'm sure."

Tom's answer showed that the flattery was taking effect. "I made a speech last winter at a supper given by the Quebec Snowshoe Club," he said, "and they go in for blue ribbon principles there."

"Capital! You can give us that to-morrow. It will be something cool this hot weather," was Uncle's answer, and I saw he was up to mischief.

"Suggestive of your Quebec snowdrifts and howling storms," laughed Mrs. Cumberland, who was standing near.

Uncle was called off by a commotion among the turkeys and chickens, caused by the too youthful Tim, so the conversation was cut short. The collie seemed to be enjoying his trip to the country immensely, to judge by his smiling mouth and excited manners. His poor master was having a bad time of it, for his pet, besides creating havoc among the poultry, had so aroused the indignation of the bull terrier as to need one man's whole attention, and he could hardly exchange a word with the bride-elect.

Captain Denham's good temper was not proof against any trouble among his turkeys, and when he found a dead one, killed by Tim, he did not let off even his well-to-do future son-in-law, but gave him a good talking-to. If any one had doubted the depth of Arthur's affection, the way he bore that talking-to would have convinced the skeptic.

We took tea in the breakfast room, for the dining room was in readiness for the festivities the next day—the table almost entirely laid and the decorations finished. It was a very large room, and at one end, shut off by a screen, was the sofa where Arthur and Tom were to sleep.

Aunt Sue and the newcomers were ready to retire early after their journey, and so, after they and the children were safely disposed of, we set to work for the last time. We tried to get Annie out of the way, too, but she hung on her mother's arm with a dangerous look in her pretty dark eyes and a quiver about the mouth, so we chatted away without looking at her, till at last the two disappeared together. When Aunt returned to us there were traces of tears on her young-looking, but care-worn, face, and my hardened spinster heart was touched as I realized what all this meant to the faithful, unselfish woman. The inevitable "Where's Kate?" prevented her giving way, and she took her lord and master in hand till the time came to make up the bed on the old sofa.

Belle began to moralize about marriage and wondered if Annie would be as devoted a wife as her mother.

"There's more in Annie than I thought," she said. "From the way she looked to-night I wouldn't be surprised if she did say no to-morrow."

"I would, then," said I.

(To be continued.)

## AUSTRALIA.

PROGRESS, PEOPLE AND POLITICS.

## VII.

The cities of Australia possess many points of peculiar interest, apart from their being the product of an almost unexampled energy, enterprise and business example.

Melbourne is one of the cleanest, best laid-out, and most pleasantly situated cities in the world. It lies on a succession of gently undulating rises, about three miles from the sea, the suburbs sloping down to the beach. The streets are very broad and well paved. Everywhere there is an appearance of permanent solidity and accumulated wealth, most extraordinary in so young a country. It is said that it would be difficult to pick out a street in London where, in the same space, there are so many fine buildings as in Collins street, Melbourne. In the outskirts of Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, at short intervals apart are to be seen the simple but comfortable dwellings of the small farmers or dairymen, shaded by graceful willow trees, watered by running brooks, and surrounded by beautiful and well-stocked gardens. Adelaide has a university which, in addition to the great work it is achieving in the paths of higher education, serves as a standing monument to the magnificent munificence of its founders—Sir W. W. Hughes, who contributed \$100,000; Sir Thos. Elder, \$150,000, and Mr. J. H. Angus, who gave \$50,000. In Brisbane, Queensland, many of the houses are delightfully situated. The cool shade of their gardens is testified to by travellers as being a heavenly change from the blinding glare and dust of the hot season. Bamboos, orange trees, lime trees, bananas and other fruit trees abound, while the dark green foliage is illuminated by masses of gorgeous colouring from the creeping flowers which grow amongst them in almost the perfection of beauty.

It may be advisable, at this juncture, to glance briefly at a few of the principal political problems which have of late years disturbed the public mind of the Australian colonies. It would be fruitless and, perhaps, uninteresting to consider the petty local questions which from time to time disturb the political horizon of the various colonies, and space will only permit of a glance at the greater questions of the day, such as the New Guinea question, the French Convict question, Intercolonial Federation, the New Hebrides question, and the relations of the Colonies to the Mother Country.

The first two have been satisfactorily settled and do not require much attention here, though causing much excitement and intense interest at the time. Enough to say that in 1882 Queensland annexed, on its own responsibility, all the portions of the vast island of New Guinea unclaimed by the Dutch to British Empire, in order to prevent any foreign nation establishing a colony there, which might one day prove a menace to Australian power and British interests in the Southern seas. The annexation was ultimately disavowed by Lord Derby, then Colonial Secretary, who, however, assured the colonists that no other power should be allowed to take possession of any part of the territory.

Shortly after this, like a thunder peal in a clear sky, came the announcement that Germany had annexed the whole northern portion of the island. Much correspondence ensued between all concerned, angry remonstrances from the colonies, indignation meetings all over Australia, and, finally, the annexation by Great Britain of the southern half of the island, only a portion of what would have been obtained if the action of Queensland had been assented to at first. Lord Derby was, perhaps, the best hated man known to the Australian public at that time. His name invariably caused hoots and jeers, while in many instances he was actually burned in effigy.

The question of the exportation of French criminals to New Caledonia has long been a matter of complaint to the Australian colonies. The convicts escaped from the island and no amount of watchfulness could prevent their landing on Australian shores and committing ceaseless depredations on the homes of the people. It was, therefore, little wonder that, when a few years since the French Government brought in a bill to not only increase

the number of convicts to be sent out by thousands but to establish fresh stations, a bitter and unanimous remonstrance arose from all the colonies. After a great deal of diplomatic correspondence between the French and British Governments, a compromise was arranged which proved measurably satisfactory to the Australians.

The New Hebrides question was merely a fresh example of the readiness of foreign powers to break their pledged word whenever they could find an opportunity, and another proof of the inability of the colonies to protect their interests were the links binding them to Great Britain and the Empire to be severed. France and Great Britain agreed, by convention, in 1878, not to annex the New Hebrides group. In 1886, however, in defiance of this arrangement, several French war vessels were despatched and a considerable number of soldiers landed avowedly to protect French subjects, though the English and Germans, who were much more numerous, had not required any such protection. The French flag was hoisted, but afterwards taken down, in obedience to British protests. Since then a treaty has been made and finally carried out, by which the French were to evacuate the islands, much to the pleasure of the Australians, who dreaded the prospect of another penal settlement being established in their neighborhood.

The principal problem which now faces the Australian people is the one that Canadians settled twenty odd years ago, namely, the union of the colonies into one federated Dominion. For years the subject has been ventilated in the press, and has received the support of prominent politicians, but it was not until the Queensland annexation of New Guinea forced upon the colonies the necessity of having some central body to manage their affairs that any real progress was made. At that time several colonies, actuated by some feeling of senseless jealousy, refused to co-operate with Queensland in its representations to the Imperial Government, the result being that the proposals were not urged with the force necessary to overcome the dilatory policy of Lord Derby.

The natural sequence was that a great inter-colonial conference was held in 1885 and a Federal Council formed, which may be considered as the nucleus of the future Australian Parliament. So far all the colonies have joined in sending representatives to this council, with the exception of New South Wales, and New Zealand. The chief obstacle to inter-colonial unity would seem to be the acute jealousy which the leading colonies manifest in their dealings with each other, and the protectionist principles of some as opposed to the free trade views of others. There can be no doubt of the grand future spread before Australia if the people will only give up their petty provincial jealousies and form themselves into one great united dominion,

Till all their sundring lives with love o'ergrown,  
Their bounds will be the girdling seas alone.

Toronto.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

## WHEN SHOULD LOVERS WED?

I asked the merry April wind,  
When should lovers wed?  
"When they wisely feel inclined,"  
"When the sap is in the rind,"  
Laughingly he said;  
Then, without another word,  
Piping like a happy bird,  
On his way he sped.

I asked the solitary moon,  
When should lovers wed?  
"Not too late and not too soon,"  
"Not when life's dull afternoon"  
"All its bloom has shed;"  
This the goddess of the night,  
Answered from the azure height,  
Silvered by her tread.

I asked the virgin flowers of May,  
When should lovers wed?  
"When we come and while we stay,"  
"When the robin sings all day,"  
All in chorus said;  
Thus may lovers counsel take,  
For their own and true love's sake,  
When they ought to wed.

GEORGE MATRIN.



Through the courtesy of the Rev. L. Brennan, C.S.B., of St. Michael's College, Toronto, we have received a copy of "St. Basil's Hymnal, containing Music for Vespers of all the Sundays and Festivals of the Year, three hundred Masses and over two hundred Hymns." It also comprises litanies, daily prayers, prayers at Mass, preparation and progress for Confession and Communion, and office and rules for the sodalities of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The "Hymnal" is a volume of 375 pages, 350 of which contain music. In noticing "St. Basil's Hymn Book," some weeks ago, we gave some notion of the comprehensiveness of the selection of the hymns which are here reproduced with the music. The arrangement and numbering correspond with those of the preceding work. The selection is adapted to all the seasons of the Christian year. Both books have the sanction of the bishops and other clergy of Ontario. The music has been chosen with care, and in some cases have been revised and harmonized. The material, binding and typography are worthy of the contents. Price, cloth, 75 cents per copy; \$7 per dozen. Printed by Timms, Moor & Company, Oxford Press, 23 Adelaide street East, for St. Michael's College, Toronto.

"The Conditions, Divisions and Methods of complete Education" is the title of a lecture delivered in the summer of 1886 at St. Cloud, New Jersey, by Professor Thomas Davidson. It was the third of a course entitled "St. Cloud Lectures on Ancient Philosophy and Art." This course was twofold, the first section, that of the morning lectures, being devoted to Practical Philosophy; the second section, that of the evening lectures, to Aesthetic Philosophy. At the termination of the course, a wish was expressed by some of the audience that one lecture should be printed as a memento of the whole, and the one whose title we have just given was selected, as best embodying the spirit of the entire course, and as likely to be of most general interest and advantage. Mr. Davidson treats first of the defects in the present systems of education, and then undertakes to answer the question how a complete education may be realized. The following passage may be said to comprise his views in outline: "A perfect system of education ought to extend to every human faculty, regulating all its actions, and should form a preparation for all the duties of life, so that these may be performed in the best manner and with a view to the highest ends. Now, the human faculties may be classified variously and with various degrees of minuteness, but for the purposes of education they may be divided into the cognitive, the affectional and the active faculties. The cognitive faculties are the senses and the intellect; the affectional, the emotions and aspirations; the active, the physical energies and the will. A true education must direct attention to all these faculties. It must train the senses to accurate observation, the intellect to logical reasoning, and especially to estimating the relative value of all objects presented to it; the emotions to purity and harmony; the aspirations to the distribution of affection in accordance with the intrinsic worth of things, as recognized by the intellect; the physical energies to vigour, endurance and ready obedience; and the will to complete submission to the intellect and trained aspirations. Nay, more: all these faculties must be trained in such an order as shall ensure their working in complete harmony, each performing its proper function, none rebelling and none playing the despot. Further still, these faculties must not only be all trained and trained to order and harmony; they must also be trained with reference to all the relations of life, religious, social, political, economical, etc. Lastly, they must be trained to the full extent of their activity, never being allowed to act wrongly, carelessly or disharmoniously. To recapitulate; a true education must (1) educate all the faculties; (2) it must educate them harmoniously and in order; (3) it must educate them with reference to all the duties of life; (4) it must educate them continuously." As to every one of these requisites for a perfect education, Mr. Davidson maintains that our present systems are at fault, and he shows concisely but forcibly that such is the case. As to the application of the remedy, he urges that a complete education is imparted by three agencies—parents, professional teachers and a social order. Anciently the state was the school, and, whether we like it or not, or call them so or not, the state and all other institutions are virtually educational. Still, it is impossible now-a-days to look at the state explicitly in that light. All that remains is to organize a copy of it, with all its institutions, on a small scale, for purposes of education. At Horn, near Hamburg, Goethe's miniature educational state is really carried out, and of its success the lecturer could speak from experience. To bring the social order and all the relations of life into fruitful association with the training of the young is the task for the earnest educationist of the present. The school aimed at cannot be realized all at once. But when realized it would include departments for preparing boys and girls, by development of all the faculties of the body, soul and spirit, for all the duties of life. Prof. Davidson's lecture is full of quickening suggestions for all who are concerned, directly or indirectly, in the great work of education.

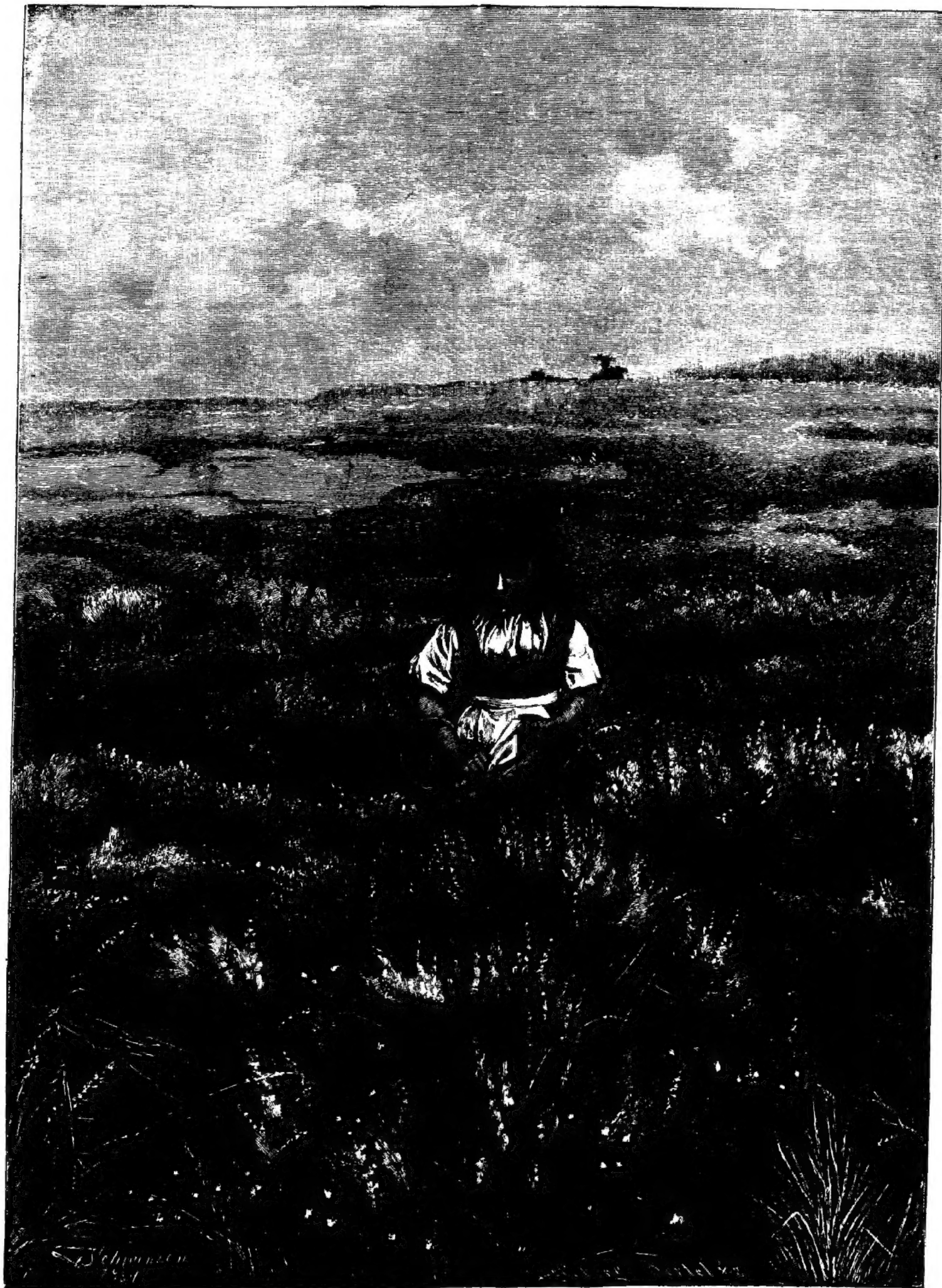




SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. (Series No. 3.)

By Mrs. Arthur Sprague

1. Mountains on the Columbia River, near Golden. 2. Captain Armstrong, of the Steamer Duchess. 3. Golden City, showing Junction of Columbia and Kicking Horse Rivers (sketched from photo, by A. B. Thorne, Winnipeg). 4. Steamer Duchess at Golden—commencement of navigation Columbia River—leaving her moorings for the lakes.



GATHERING WILD FLOWERS.

By Schwenzen.



## OUR WILD WESTLAND.

## POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(By Mrs. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.)

DEPARTURE FROM DONALD FOR COLUMBIA LAKES AND KOOTENAY VALLEY; GOLDEN CITY; THE OLD AND NEW DUCHESS; NAVIGATION OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER; ITS CHARACTER; GOVERNMENT IMPROVEMENTS; EXPEDITION UP THE RIVER; THE HOG RANCHE, SPILIMACHENE.

## III.

It was during the summer of 1886 that my husband and I decided to visit the interior of the Kootenay district lying between the Canadian Pacific Railway and the American boundary, a region at that time and even now practically unknown to the tourist. We had as our object and destination the ranche of Col. James Baker, late of the Blues, who had at that time resided for two years at Kootenay and who still represents the district in the Provincial Parliament. I had made his acquaintance at Donald during his election campaign and received the warmest invitation to visit Cranbrooke, which seemed to me a most visionary project, as it was two hundred miles from the railway and involved a long journey by land and water. However, my husband was anxious to convince me that British Columbia was not a "sea of mountains," so we started on our adventurous enterprise, in which I had both the fear of Indians and the discomforts of camping prominently before me. We left Donald on the 28th of August, by the afternoon express, for our trip to the Columbia lakes and Kootenay Valley with a regular camp outfit, consisting of two large bundles containing blankets, buffalo robes and waterproof sheets for bedding, a tent, a valise, two saddles and saddle-bags, two guns, an axe, one sack of flour and one of canned provisions for our hundred miles ride, and another of cooking and eating utensils and miscellaneous odds and ends. Golden City, where the navigation of the Columbia southwards begins, is but seventeen miles east of Donald and is beautifully situated at the base of Pilot Mountain, which rises, almost a detached mass of granite, behind the growing town. The setting sun, as we stepped on to the platform at the station, was gilding the surface of its reddish yellow rocks with colours that might have given the city its golden name, which, however, to be strictly candid, was *Oreiferous*, not *Auriferous*, in its origin.

The rosy and purple shades of the near and distant ranges would have charmed an artist's eye, and the aspect of the Duchess as she lay at her picturesque moorings, opposite a high wooded bluff on the Columbia river, was extremely inviting. To me she was a new nautical experience, being a small edition of the stern-wheel steamers used in the shallow navigation of the Mississippi and Missouri, a flat-bottomed boat of light draught, with a promenade deck supported on light pillars, having a hurricane deck above on which stood the wheelhouse. This scion of the aristocracy is now a memory of the past, and her place is supplied by a newly created Duchess, 82 feet long and 17 feet beam (22 feet longer than the old boat.) She is built of the lightest timber that could be procured; consequently her draught is very small, but 14 inches. Her cabins are of British Columbia cedar, oiled and varnished. She has accommodation for twenty passengers, including berths and staterooms, the latter being considerably larger than those in ordinary steamers of a similar class. There is a smoking-room forward and a good promenade deck aft, rendering her a most comfortable boat for her size. Her Chinese cook is a western *chef* who has established a widespread reputation for the superiority of his *cuisine*. The Duchess runs twice a week from Golden City to the Columbia Lakes from May till September in connection with the C. P. R., the round trip taking three days only. All information concerning her dates of departure may be had from Captain Armstrong, Golden City, B.C. Traffic upon the Columbia river has increased so wonderfully during the last two years that another smaller boat called the Marian is now run by the enterprising captain of the Duchess at the beginning and end of the season, viz., in the

early spring and late autumn, when the water, which rises and falls at these times is still too low to float the larger steamer. The Marian carries freight only and draws 11 inches, being probably the lightest draught steamboat in the Dominion. There are several new landings on the river, where numbers of miners are constantly embarking and disembarking, while parties of tourists from Banff, only a few hours distant now, patronize this newly opened route to the Kootenay district, which is considered one of the greatest attractions of the mountains, and the new Banff Springs Hotel.

Steam was up when we embarked, and a few minutes later the Duchess was cast loose from the bank and we were launched upon the bosom of the far-famed Columbia. Running up the river some seven miles to Canyon Creek, where we took on a supply of wood, the steamer's engines were stopped and she was tied up to a tree for the night, as darkness was dropping its sombre curtain over land and water. There is much that is delightfully primitive in the methods of new countries where time is no particular object; every individual is a law unto himself, and this go-as-you-please atmosphere is remarkably infectious, as the casual traveller will soon discover. The navigation of the Columbia two years ago, however, it must be remembered, was curiously involved in a network of snags and sandbars, impossible to penetrate at nightfall; so that it was rather necessity than inclination that called all hands to rest undisturbed till dawn. Now that the Dominion Government have turned their attention to improving the course of the river by granting an appropriation for the purpose, this cessation of labour and noise will no longer probably be enjoyed by passengers and crew. There are some novel features, by the way, about the execution of these improvements, of which Captain Armstrong has had charge. The steamboat channel, for instance, was dug out last autumn by horses and scrapers, somewhat original factors in the creation of navigation. The outlet of the Lower Columbia Lake, which is the commencement of the Columbia River, is the favourite spawning ground of the salmon, who come up hither from the sea; they have by their continual burrowings so elevated its gravelly bed as to form a series of shoals rising at low water quite above the surface. Through these it was imperative to excavate a passage for the steamboat, which was accordingly dug out in the manner above described, and, though such a channel may be despised by the eastern navigator, it meets, nevertheless, all the requirements of a western shipper. At another place below the salmon beds the Columbia has been diverted from its original course by means of brush dams built across the old channel. In the same way all the smaller channels will be blocked this year along the entire length of the river from the Lakes to Golden City. These dams are most simple and inexpensive. Two rows of piles are driven across the river, and the space between these is filled in with brush cut from the banks. At first this does not arrest the water's passage to any very perceptible extent, but the amount of sand brought down by the first high water renders the dam a solid bar, the brush forming eddies which deposit the sand.

We were roused at dawn on Sunday morning, August 29th, from our refreshing slumbers by the rattle of chains, the working of machinery, and the soft swish of the water against the steamer's sides, indicating that the Duchess had been released from her ignominious position and was again underweigh.

Emerging on to the promenade deck, we were able to appreciate the perfection of a summer day, bright, cloudless and freshened by a light spicy breeze, which swept back the soft veil of smoke that had drifted down from the forest fires west of Donald, and gathered it into a silver haze upon the distant mountains, against which the adjacent trees were defined in strong relief. The beauty of the scene was entrancing and indescribable. It is impossible to do justice in words to the picturesqueness of the Columbia river, winding, as it does, between two mountain ranges, the Rockies, on the east side, standing out in bold peaks and rugged bluffs, and the Selkirks, on the west, losing gradually their massive outlines, and falling away in wooded heights sloping to the water's edge. The

course of the river, with its swift current, flowing, now wide, now narrow, between low banks overhung with willows, cranberry bushes and tall cottonwood trees (similar in growth and appearance to the poplar), is strangely peaceful and secluded. Its varying extent never exceeding 300 feet, except at high water, is a strange contrast to the breadth and volume of eastern waters.

The first pause was made at 11 o'clock at Johnson's Hog Ranche, which does not, as the name would imply, refer to the porcine quadruped, but is the western slang for a whiskey resort. That insidious stimulant, in 1885, was a contraband commodity, whose sale was prohibited within 20 miles of the C. P. R. construction camps. Hence the establishment of the Hog Ranche without that magic circle. It is beautifully situated at the base of a superb peak of the Rocky Mountains, on one of the numerous channels of the Columbia, 25 miles from Golden City. We stopped 20 minutes at this delectable spot to add to our decreasing wood pile, then ran down the channel in the full force of the current for some hundred yards at a tremendous pace, crashing so close against the bushes, as we were swept into the main stream, that their branches fairly crackled against the sides of the Duchess.

Near this spot the Columbia develops into numerous branches, and the Selkirk range disappears behind high wooded foot-hills, which rise from the water in broken lines for upwards of ten miles. The river increases, if possible, in beauty the farther its tortuous course is ascended, the Rocky Mountains being outlined in an almost incredible depth of distance on the right bank, recalling some of Turner's Italian landscapes. In one place the main channel is divided by numerous islands, all so exactly alike it seemed impossible to discriminate between them as our captain did. Selecting, apparently, the narrowest course, we coasted along a low island, bordered by an extensive reed-bed, a likely haunt for wild fowl; indeed, the constant popping of a gun from the hurricane deck overhead, as flocks of ducks and geese, roused by the approach of the steamer, flew across her bows, was a constant source of excitement. I regret to admit that on these occasions no game was secured.

Higher up the river we found ourselves entangled in a network of islands and channels, with trees, in some places, hanging so far over the water that they barely escaped contact with the upper works of the Duchess. On one occasion, Captain Armstrong informed me, having entrusted the wheel temporarily to a competent member of the crew, the latter cut a point too short (in nautical parlance) and the steamer, striking against one bank, swung off on to the opposite side, passing, in her course, beneath a bending tree, which promptly tripped up the smoke-stack and deposited it at the river bottom. He and his men spent 24 hours fishing for it in twelve feet of water, whence it was eventually recovered and restored to its original position.

The even tenor of our way was broken by occasional soundings with a long pole accompanied by shouts sent up from the lower deck, and repeated at the wheelhouse, of "No bottom! No bottom!" "Six and a half! Six and a half!" "Six feet!" with other variations of lesser degree, as we swung over the numerous sandbars that obstructed the Columbia. Captain Armstrong's skilful navigation of the river's numerous and tortuous channels, all looking exactly alike, and his thorough knowledge of all its snags and shoals, were simply marvellous. We stopped a second time, late in the afternoon, at Spilimachene Landing, where a couple of cabins only lay at the foot of a stupendous mass of rock, clothed almost to its bare summit with a scattered growth of evergreens; indeed, we were so immediately below it that my eyes grew wearied and strained in the effort of investigating its rugged crags. Pausing but a few minutes to disembark some enterprising miners, we steamed on up and up the wonderful Columbia, winding from one side of the valley to the other like a folded ribbon, now finding ourselves at the base of the Rockies, and again at the foot of the Selkirks.

Soon after leaving Spilimachene, however, the valley opens out as the lake country is approached, and away to the south rises a conical blue hill, like a gigantic sugarloaf, from whose height the Selkirk



range falls in gentle undulations to the horizon. The Rockies, on the contrary, assert themselves more boldly, lose the low wooded grass benches that have marked their bases hitherto, and descend precipitously to the water's edge, the Columbia flowing so close to their rocky sides that I could distinctly see a number of apparently inviting paths marking the face of the mountains. On suggesting that the Duchess should be stopped for a climbing expedition, I was informed that my inviting paths were the dry beds of divers and sundry torrents formed by the melting snow in June and July. I noticed here and there, on most giddy elevations, the pack trail leading from Golden City to the Lakes, and, marking its course along many dangerous slopes, congratulated myself upon being able to prosecute my journey by steam instead of by horse power. Nothing can exceed the beauty and grandeur of this Rocky range, with its countless peaks and summits, some, though barren and rugged, diversified by groups of pines, while others are streaked far up their barren fastnesses, with the brilliant greens of a recent undergrowth following in the track of some great forest tree.

### RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

Last May twelvemonth Mr. George Murray, who, besides being a scholar of rare endowments and an original poet of no slight merit, is unsurpassed by any one we know for the accuracy, beauty, taste and spirit of his translations, read before the Royal Society at Ottawa, in general and public session, a lecture on the works of François Coppée, illustrated by versions of some of his finest pieces. One of these versions we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers. It is called

#### THE HOROSCOPE.

Two sisters there, whose arms were interlaced,  
Stood to consult a fortune-telling hag:  
While she, with wrinkled fingers, slowly placed  
The fatal carls upon an outspread rag.

Brunette and blonde, both fresh as morning's hour—  
A poppy brown, a white anemone—  
One, like a May-bud, one, an Autumn flower,  
Both yearned alike their destiny to see.

"Sorrow, alas! my child, thy life must fill,"  
The old witch murmured to the proud brunette:  
The girl enquired: "But will he love me still?"  
"Yes." "Then I care not—life is happy yet."

"Thou wilt not own thy lover's heart, sweet maid!"  
This to the second sister, white as snow:  
"But shall I love him?" tearfully she said—  
"Yes." "That is bliss enough for me to know."

During the last ten days we have been frequently asked for information regarding the work by which Prof. Thomas Davidson, who recently lectured in this city, is best known in Europe and America. Its full title, we are informed by a friend who has the work, is "The Philosophical System of Antonio Rosmini-Serbati: translated, with a Sketch of the Author's Life, Bibliography, Introduction and Notes, by Thomas Davidson, M.A." The nucleus of the book is the summary of his own philosophy, which Rosmini, the greatest philosopher of Italy and of the Roman Catholic Church since Thomas Aquinas, wrote for Cantu's *Universal History*. Around this nucleus is collected a large amount of explanatory matter, consisting of translations from Rosmini's larger works, an introduction, a life of Rosmini, and extensive notes by the translator. The whole forms a complete propædæutic to Rosmini's philosophical system, in which the fundamental principles of ancient and mediæval thought are sustained with wondrous acuteness in opposition to the systems of more recent times—those of Germany and England especially.

Of Professor Davidson's work the *Athenæum* has spoken highly, commending the translation as excellent and the entire volume as indispensable to the student of Rosmini. The *British Quarterly Review* is still more emphatic in its eulogy. Of Rosmini it says that, while no man knew better than he the philosophies of our century, no man was less a child of it. And again: "It is this fine unworldliness, this other-timeliness of the man that makes him so interesting and so instructive a figure, a man that ought to be studied, were it only for the light he throws on ages and systems other than his own." Of Mr. Davidson's treatment of his subject

it adds: "Seldom has an author been more zealously praised, more laboriously elucidated, interpreted, supplemented. . . . Almost everything that zeal and single-minded devotion to an author could do has been done."

Here is an extract from his little book on "The Positive Virtues." Speaking of a certain form or fashion of Christianity, he says: "It has made the whole aim of that (the moral) life to be a striving to attain the zero-point of virtue, a mere freedom from vice; mere blamelessness. Let me not be misunderstood here. I have not the smallest intention of depreciating the specific virtues of the curate and the church-warden. They are virtues, great virtues, and the world would be on an evil path if they were made light of in theory or disregarded in practice. But they are not *all* virtue; they are not even the greatest of virtues. A man may lack them in their perfection, and yet be a more virtuous man than he who has them and them alone. The selfish, respectable Pharisee is a far less righteous man than the great-hearted, strong-pulsed, loving toiler for humanity, who occasionally allows his exuberant love to flow into wrong channels. Perhaps, of all the obstacles to human advancement and well-being, there is none so great as respectable Philistinism, self-righteous, self-contented, unsympathetic, spell-bound."

One of our contributors, Miss Sophie Almon, has just returned from her honeymoon. We are glad to think that Mrs. Hensley, to whom we wish all that is best worth living for, will still have some time to give to the cultivation of her poetic gift.

From another contributor, whose volume, "The Soul's Quest, and other Poems," we reviewed not long ago, we have received the following sonnet:

#### WEDLOCK.

Sweet Lady, queen-star of my life and thought,  
Whose honour, heart and name are one with mine,  
Who dost above life's turbulent currents shine  
With a clear beam, which oftentimes hath brought  
The storm-tossed spirit into harbours wrought  
By love and peace on life's rough margin line,  
I wish no wish which is not wholly thine,  
I hope no hope but what thyself hast sought.

Thou lovest not, my Lady, in the wife  
The golden love-light of our earlier days;  
Time dims it not, it mounteth like the sun,  
Till earth and sky are radiant. Sweet, my life  
Lies at thy feet, and all life's gifts and praise,  
Yet are they nought to what thy knight hath won.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

Drummondville, Que., May, 1889.

We had, last week, the very real pleasure of meeting Prof. Roberts in the flesh after an acquaintance, through his works and by correspondence, never very long intermitted, extending over some eight years. We were the earliest to recognize the great gifts of the author of "Orion," and have, therefore, in his success the satisfaction that comes of forecast fulfilled. We hope, ere long, to present our readers with the portrait of the poet.

### THE CURE OF SLEEPLESSNESS

In an article on sleeplessness, *Good Housekeeping* says that with rare exceptions the absence of sleep comes from excessive brain-work, from overstrained nerves or overtaxed mental faculties. It then enumerates a long list of cures, last of which comes this:

Discard linen or cotton sheets and "turn in" between a pair of light woollen blankets.

The article then continues and concludes as follows:

This last "recipe" might have been given first and the others all omitted. "One who has been there" gives a well asseverated "word of honour" that all things being equal, the woollen blanket will solve the vexed problem more satisfactorily than any other known experiment. A weary brain, threaded nerves and a troubled conscience will give the lie to all the soothing protestations of soporific doses and to plausible schemes for producing sleep. But as there are "many men of many minds" and many women of noteworthy notions each of whom has a mind of her own and notions that must be humoured, and as each one, in turn, desires to take the kind of medicine individually liked best, the list above given is open for service. A "trial trip"

may be found a successful one before the list is half gone through with. If, however, the whole catalogue should chance to be experimented with, without securing "the timely dew of sleep," the experimenter will have the sleepy satisfaction of knowing that the list has been exhausted and the operator nearly enough so to insure the presence of "tired nature's sweet restorer."

"Throw physic to the dogs" and let it have its perfect work; pill and powder boxes at the cats, with unerring aim; leave "Welsh rabbits" and cold bites untasted at bedtime; the "Indian weed" of which "the devil it was who sowed the seed," unchewed and unsmoked; pour all narcotics and stimulants into the slop-jar rather than down the throat, call conscience to account, "drive dull care away," forget ("aye, there's the rub"), forget all petty foibles, drone in a low tone, while disrobing, "Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home," "There is a Happy Land," or something akin to these, drop deftly into the folds of the woollen blankets and "lie down to pleasant dreams." This prescription to be taken at night, and the patient shaken in the morning, if found to be over-sleeping.

### JUNE.

O full-leaved June, profuse of good!  
Soft blow thy warm sweet-scented airs:  
Thou bringest now to field and wood  
The glorious dress that summer wears.

The hills, but late, of varied gray,  
Show now in new and vivid green;  
On mountains, too, where sunbeams play,  
A fresh, though purple, tint is seen.

The trees of great primæval woods  
Umbrageous spread their giant arms,  
And brown their cooling shadow broods  
O'er long arcades of leafy charms.

Remote, on mountain slopes, we see  
How various woods their spheres define;  
Here, pale the oaks and beeches be;  
And there dark shade reveals the pine.

The whole broad earth, in verdure deep,  
Adorns herself from land to land;  
Now honied scents the fresh meads steep,  
And half-waist high the dense crops stand.

The field birds charm us with their song—  
'Midst nature's loveliest scenes they dwell;—  
From off the wing, or grass among,  
Their free wild calls of blest lives tell.

The bobolink, from wings and throat,  
Pours forth his frenzied, clamorous strain;  
The lark starts up and chants his note,  
Then drops within the grass again.

Song sparrows greet the early morn  
With raptured thrill from hedge and bush;  
The blackbird's calls, from marshes borne,  
Make gay the wastes of reed and rush.

Now gardens blaze with Eden bloom,  
And rose and lily rivals are;  
In colour, form, and sweet perfume,  
No other can with them compare.

About the lawn and orchard trees  
The robin claims a favourite's run:  
He loud exclaims at all he sees;  
His fierce, high calls are never done.

The oriole now suspends his nest,  
Among the elms he chirps and flits;  
He, fluttering, shows his golden vest,  
And wildly pipes his song by bits.

The orchards springtime promise fill:  
The cherry, apple, peach and pear  
Their rich nectareous sweets distil  
From alchemy of earth and air.

Full-brimmed, the streams glide on in peace,  
'Neath pendent boughs of elm and ash;  
And where deep pools wear smoothest face,  
The blithe fish leaps with sportive splash.

We lift our hearts in grateful praise  
To God, who paints and graves the flower,  
And gives us mind to read his ways,  
His Fatherhood and matchless power.

What, though our life have trials hard,  
And tragic fates stain earth and blood;  
These first have future full reward,  
The last are paired with loftiest good.

Ottawa, May, 1889.

CROWQUILL.



## HUMOUROUS.

A Man of Conscience.—Long-haired Customer (to barber)—Is there any way to shorten a man's hair without using the shears or clippers? Barber—Yes, sir. I've done that for several gentlemen since the election. You made a vow about a year ago, perhaps, that you wouldn't have it cut till Cleveland was elected President again? Customer—Er—yes. Barber—That's all right. I can singe it for you. Customer (relieved)—Then I wish you would singe off about six inches. I may be a darn fool, but I'm a man of some conscience.

Travers came to New York after a long residence in Baltimore. One day he met a Baltimorean on the street. "I notice, Travers," said the Baltimore man, "that you stutter a great deal more than when you were in Baltimore."

"Why, yes," replied Travers with an air of surprise, "of course I do. This is a d-d-darned sight b-b-bigger city."

Once Travers inquired of a bird-fancier "i-i-f th-th-that p-p-p-parrot c-c-could t-t-talk?" The owner replied: "If it couldn't talk better than you I'd cut it's infernal head off." The story of how Travers got even with the parrot's owner is very funny, but too long to quote here.

At one time Mr. Clews wrote a long series of letters on financial matters to the New York papers. One morning Travers was asked: "Have you seen Clews' last letter?" He replied, "I h-h-hope so."

## RONDEL.

She has a witching way,  
A fascination rare;  
My candid friends all say  
That I had best beware.

Yet danger I will dare  
In spite of all they say,  
She has a witching way,  
A fascination rare.

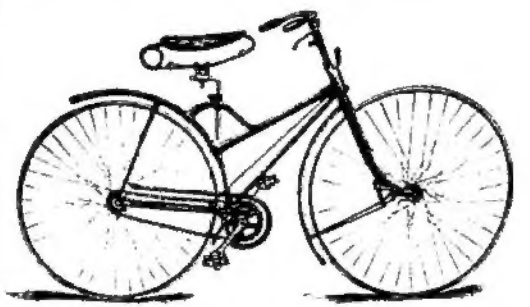
I'll go to her to day,  
And lay my fond heart bare;  
She cannot say me nay  
When she has heard my prayer,  
She has a witching way,  
A fascination rare.



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